

THE
Monthly Museum;

OR,

DUBLIN LITERARY REPERTORY,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE GORDON BYRON,

LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE intelligence afforded by Doomsday Book assures us, that the family of Byron, or Buron, were enjoyers of large possessions in the time of William the Conqueror. It is there recorded, that Gospatrick held of Erneis de Baron four bovates of land in Bergeley, in the county of York, besides several in other parts of the kingdom. Ralph de Buron was indistinctly related to Erneis, and from him descended directly the present wearer of the title, so celebrated for his poetic talents.

Two of his Lordship's ancestors fell in the field of Cressy; another fought at the battle of Bosworth, on the side of Earl Richmond; several lost their lives in the armies of Charles I. by whom the barony was conferred on Sir John Byron, in the year 1643.

About the middle of the last century, an unfortunate event in the life of William, the late Lord

Byron, caused him to withdraw from court, where he had experienced the royal favour; to desist from attending Parliament; and to retire altogether to privacy, and even obscurity; so that for many years, though the name of Byron continued to be sustained in its glory by his brother and his nephew, the title was never heard of, except among the immediate connexions of the family. Acquainted as the world now is with the writings of the present representative of the House, it is interesting to notice the events which led to his immediate succession to his grand-uncle, William.—William, his only son, espoused the daughter of Admiral Byron, by whom he had a son, also named William, who, while an infant, became, by the death of his father, the heir-apparent to the title.—His uncle John, the eldest son of the admiral, took to wife Baroness

Conyers, the daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had only a daughter, and was afterwards married to Miss Gordon, of Gight, by whom he had George Gordon Byron, the present lord, born January 22, 1788. Miss Gordon was the last of that branch of the family who are descended from the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, who married the Earl of Huntley; from the elder branch the Countess of Sutherland is descended. John Byron died soon after his son was born. William, the heir apparent, who had gone into the army, was killed in the island of Corsica, a considerable time before the death of his grandfather; on which event his cousin became the heir presumptive to the title; which some time after, by the death of the old lord, his grand-uncle, devolved upon him while he was yet very young.

Lord Byron's childhood continued to keep the title out of public view; but in time he began to distinguish it by his eccentricities at school and college. Some of his early years were spent in Scotland; but he received at Harrow-school the chief part of his education, which he finished at the University of Cambridge.—Soon after quitting school, he manifested his ambition for "a leaf of Daphne's deathless plant," by publishing a volume of poems, under the title of "*Hours of Idleness*." This met with some rough treatment from the critics, which his lordship retorted by a satire, that evinced a spirit not to be repressed, and talents that excited greater expectations. On his coming of age, Lord Byron, after taking his seat in the House of

Peers, went abroad, and spent some time in the classical countries in the south and east of Europe. He returned to England in the year 1811, and, in the spring of 1812, published "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." This is in every one's hands, and its success is very generally known to have established his Lordship's fame as a poet. In the course of the last year, 1813, he has written three other poems: "*The Giaour*," "*The Bride of Abydos*," and "*The Corsair*."

It cannot be expected that we should here enter into a detailed review of his works; but we are compelled, although probably not quite correct, in this place, to give the following paragraph from his last, as it shews the warm language of friendly admiration of this country, and to our native poet, Anacreon Moore, to whom this work is dedicated. His Lordship says—

"It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the east; none can do these things so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his *Oriental*, his *Irish Eclogues*, was not aware how true, at least, was part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun and less cloudy sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of oriental descent, in which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians."

We shall hereafter notice the most prominent features of the above works, when our readers will be enabled to form a just opinion of the Noble Author as a poet.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV. LATE KING OF SWEDEN:

(Continued from page 197.)

IT was generally believed in Sweden, that at the meeting at Erfurth, between Buonaparte and the Emperor of Russia, it had been agreed upon that Sweden should be divided between Russia and Denmark, and that the river Motala and ridge of mountains that runs north from it should be the boundary between these two Kingdoms. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt, that at the Treaty of Tilsit, it had been agreed upon to force Sweden to accede to the Continental System; Russia speedily announced this resolution to the King of Sweden, and urged him to unite with Russia and Denmark in an armed neutrality similar to that of 1780 and 1800. This, Gustavus had peremptorily refused; he must have been aware, therefore, from the beginning, of an impending war with Russia and Denmark, yet no preparations were made to resist the threatened invasion;—unless we consider a treaty with Great Britain, and a subsidy from that power of 1,200,000 annually as a preparation.

The war lasted little more than a year, and notwithstanding the prodigious disparity of force, if we consider the situation of Sweden, the zeal of her population, and the great number of troops she had on foot, not fewer than 100,000 men, there can be little doubt, that with common prudence, and with the assistance which they would have received from Great Britain, they might have been able victoriously to oppose the enemy, and maintain the integrity of the Swedish dominions. But the conduct of the King bid defiance to all prudence and common sense, and made it impossible either for

his Generals or Ministers to be of the least service to their country.

The Russians invaded Finland on the 11th of January, 1808, with an army of about 30,000 men. The Swedish troops in that country amounted to 9540 men, 6261 of whom were posted in the north, and 3279 in the south. Besides this, Sveaborg, a very strong fortress, built upon several islands on the south coast of Finland, had a garrison of 6000 men. The small band of Swedish troops near the southern frontier, under the command of Lieutenant-general Von Klercker, retired before the enemy after making a gallant and spirited resistance; the object was to make good their retreat into East Bothnia, in order to join the Finnish militia and the army of the north. General Count Cronstadi, who retreated by another road, succeeded in his object in spite of the inclemency of the season, and the opposition of the enemy, and joined the main army with little loss. Field-marshal Count Klingenspor took the command of the division led by Von Klercker at Tavastens. It was repeatedly attacked by the Russians, particularly at Pyhajoeki and Sikajoeki. In the last of these, General Adlercreutz distinguished himself at the head of the Finns, broke through the centre of the Russians, took several hundred prisoners, and compelled the rest to retreat. No immediate attempt, however, was made by the King of Sweden either to reinforce his small army in Finland, or to concentrate his troops for the defence of his kingdom.

But as soon as he heard of the

invasion of Finland by the Russians, without any previous declaration of war, he immediately ordered Mr. Alopheus, the Russian Minister, to be confined to his house, his papers to be seized, and information to be given to him that he had no longer any diplomatic character. The Governor of Gottenburg was ordered to seize the papers of the Russian Consul, and to confine him to his house. A courier sent from Russia, to the Russian Ambassador at Stockholm, was arrested, and his dispatches published. Next day a declaration of war on the part of Denmark was received; the Danish Ambassador was ordered to leave the kingdom, and the hour of his departure fixed, and these orders were conveyed to him by a military officer.

Meanwhile the whole of South Finland was occupied by the Russians; the important fortress of Sveaborg was shamefully given up by the treachery of Vice-Admiral Cronstadt, and the islands of Oland which were not defended by any military force, were occupied without opposition by a detachment of Russians. As the season advanced when the ice round these islands began to break up, and all communication with the neighbouring continent was interrupted, the inhabitants rose upon the small Russian force left to protect their conquest, and made them prisoners of war. Thus these islands were recovered without difficulty, and the same thing happened to some Russian soldiers who had landed in the island of Gothland, and taken possession of it.

But Gustavus was now intent upon the conquest of Norway and of the Danish islands in the Baltic, and therefore gave himself very little concern about what took place in Finland. The Swedish army on the western frontier, amounting to about 12,500 men,

were ordered to enter Norway in two bodies, and they were spread over so great an extent of country as to form a very weak and inefficient line. They gained some advantages at first, but being left totally unsupported, and even without a supply of provisions, they were soon obliged to retreat into their own country, and take up a defensive position. Gustavus had already altered the whole of his plans, and had determined, with the assistance of a body of British troops, to invade and conquer the island of Zealand.

He had from the commencement of the war solicited an increase of the subsidy from Britain, and a body of troops to enable him to oppose his enemies with more efficacy. The Swedish Ambassador at London, aware of the desperate state of his country, had prevailed upon the British Ministry to send 10,000 men to Gottenburg, under the command of Sir John Moore, pledging himself that they would be treated with the greatest attention at Gottenburg till a plan for their future services should be concerted between the King of Sweden and Sir John Moore.—The troops were accordingly sent under the following conditions stipulated by the English Ministry: That the troops should be under the immediate command of their own General; that they should not be obliged to march to any great distance from their transports and vessels of war, and that it should be in the power of the British Ministry to recall them whenever their services should be requisite in any other quarter. When the British troops arrived at Gottenburg, the King of Sweden prohibited them from landing; and when he was applied to for the purpose by the British Ambassador, he answered, that he considered the application as an insult, and expected there-

fore that it never would be repeated. Sir John Moore came to Stockholm to form a plan of operations with the King; the first proposal of Gustavus was, that the British troops should unite with a Swedish army and invade the island of Zealand; Sir John Moore answered, that he was expressly prohibited by his instructions from joining in any such scheme. This refusal greatly irritated the King, as it thwarted his favorite object, from which his Ministers and Generals had in vain attempted to divert him, by shewing that he was not provided with a sufficient quantity of troops or warlike en-

gines to make an attack upon Copenhagen with any chance of success.

His next proposal was, that the British troops should land in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, in order to make a diversion in favour of the Swedish army in Finland; Sir John Moore declined this plan, observing that it was very well conceived, if the object of the King was to give the Russians some thousand British prisoners of war; but that the neighbourhood of Petersburg was at too great a distance to be of any service as a diversion to the Finnish army.

(To be continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

DUN NA MEASE.

AT the sound of names which were dear to former fame, and at the sight of relics which speak the manners of ancient days, apathy can alone remain in a quiescent state. It is to be lamented that the study of antiquity is now so much disregarded; and though the benefits which it might yield to mankind in general be not of the greatest importance, yet, by reason of the improvement of historic knowledge, experience might be considerably advanced.

We daily see the ruins of places famous in times of yore; we behold them crumbling into decay, and seem to banish all recollection of their once being the halls of feudal hospitality, or the courts of Baronial grandeur. To rescue one of these places from the utter oblivion which is fast approaching, forms at present the mark at which we aim.

Dun na Mease, or the fort of the heath, is situated near the town of

Stradbally, in the Queen's county. It seems to derive its name from the heath of Maryborough, which it overlooks. The time in which this fort was built is involved in obscurity; but on research it will, we think, be found to have been erected by some of the English nobility in the reign of Henry III. anno dom. 1216; and this seems the more probable, from its site being on the border of the then English pale on the west; and consequently must have been a place of the most extreme importance. Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, having brought assistance to Dermot, King of Leinster, received the daughter of that chief in marriage, with his promise of the inheritance of all the province;—and in this he was entailed in 1170 by Henry II. One daughter being the issue of this marriage, the estates gavelled among her children; and thus Dun na Mease became the possession of Wil-

liam Bruce, Lord of Brecknock.

Like other places of the kind, this manor had several castles, villages and hamlets appendant; and as by the feudal system, every lord's security depended on his power, and as he in cases of necessity was obliged to render certain services to the state, the paramount always ruled his tenantry with military sway, and their duty to their lord was military also. Therefore it is that so many castles were built in the vicinity of Dun na Mease; and what confirms the opinion that we have above stated of the importance of this fort, is not only the strength of the places about it, but also the extent of the heath of Maryborough, where, (as we are told by history) the military forces were exercised and reviewed.

In 1325 Lysagh O'Moore, to whose care this fort was entrusted by the Lord Brecknock, in the space of one evening took and destroyed eight castles in its vicinity; and it remained in his possession until the year 1329, when it, with other holds, was retaken by governor Sir John D'Arcy. After this period it became necessary that the Castle should undergo a thorough repair; but the governor, before he could visit it, was killed in a battle against the O'Byrnes at Kells.

Scarcely any thing more can be said respecting the history of this fort: it however still remains to any, that after having been fortified against the Irish, it was attacked and taken by Sir Charles Coote, to whom the remaining holds submitted on the retreat of the Earl of Ormond; they were all retaken; and in 1646 they were lost again. In 1648 O'Neil offered to make a conditional sur-

render of this Castle to Colonel Jones, but the articles proposed being rejected, it fell into the hands of the Independants; but prior to the Restoration, they were all dismantled and blown up.

On examining the ruin, we find the entrance toward the S.W. facing the road to Stradbally:—here was the bridge defended by a barbican which was flanked by ditches on either side. The outward ballium was defended by two tower bastions. The width of the first gateway is seven feet, and the thickness of the walls six; over it is a machicolation for pouring down melted lead or hot water. A parapet wall, with long chinks and oilet holes to the N. E. twenty feet in height, forms the inner ballium, the towers of which are 170 feet asunder.—There was a guard-room in a mural tower over the gate of the outward ballium, which had side passages in the walls, and wide enough to admit one person at once. The foundations of the inner wall still appear; it was defended by several towers. On top of the hill are the ruins of the keep or dungeon; but some think that this was the chapel of Dun na Mease, the holiness of which preserved the building from the fanaticism of the times. This opinion is not unsubstantiated by appearances; the ruins of a dwelling which stood near tend to confirm it. On the top of this dwelling were platforms and parapets, from which the garrison could see the outward works, and at the same time could command the surrounding country. Never was a finer model of military architecture combined with feudal; and even now the ruins are among the first relics of antiquity.

[FOR THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.]

THE DRUIDS AND BARDS OF IRELAND.

[Concluded from page 190.]

Religion was not the only attraction in Druidic times; the sacred orders which we have enumerated in our last number were occupied in the due observation of mysteries and rights. The next order of the Druids was called profane; it consisted of several degrees.

The first in rank of the profane order were the *Bhardagh* or *Bards*, i. e. learned men; they cultivated oratory, history, laws, poetry, and music. Their academies were the repositories of Irish literature; and the degrees granted by these schools were distinguished in title and respectability by the courses for which they were bestowed. Thus the professors of music, only, were called *Citharadagh*; those who studied history, poetry and music were denominated *Bhard*. In mentioning the *Citharadagh* and *Bhard*, we have not laid them down in their regular order; the former were the very lowest degree of Druids, and attended on the latter in courts, temples and battles. The *Bards* were the constant attendants on the chiefs.

The Druids, like other societies, were regulated by their own laws; and that the mysteries of their religion should be more devoutly attended to by the initiated, as well as revered by the people at large, these institutes formed a very particular and very honorable branch of academic study. The judges who distributed justice according to the spirit of these laws, were called *Brehons*. As a description of the *Brehon* laws would far exceed our present limits, and as we would not rest satisfied with ourselves should we give an im-

perfect sketch of the ancient regulation of our country, we postpone the interesting subject to a future opportunity.

No person could receive initiation into the sacred orders without having previously taken the respective degrees among the profane. These rules being complied with, the person swears by the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Heavenly bodies never to divulge any of these things in which he has been instructed.

According to Were the whole body was governed by one Arch Druid; and on his death, the person whose relative dignity was greatest, generally received the situation. If two candidates stood who were equal in respectability, and all other requisites, the most worthy was proved by suffrage; hence also must be inferred the occasional prevalence of interest in ancient, as well as in modern times. General Vallancy differs from Were very materially on the form of election. He says that a Druid should possess corporeal as well as mental accomplishments; therefore when two candidates were equal the point was usually decided by single combat. If our opinion might be advanced on this subject we would presume to take the side opposite to the General. But the brightest parts of antiquity are dimmed, whilst the less material are rusted by the revolutions of time, and until some new discovery

* Ten years were required for the acquisition of these several degrees, in the profane, and as many in the sacred order; so that twenty years must elapse before a person could become one of the *Samothæi*. See Vallancy's collection.

can remove the incrustation, so as to restore the lustre, the cloud of uncertainty must hang between us and the truth.

The Druids, like the Magi of the East, supposed the whole world to depend on fire; that it would be destroyed by that principle; and again renewed, when men should live like gods. They held that water was contrary to fire: they maintained the plurality of worlds; and could calculate eclipses. In point of their morality, they used proverbs, which exhorted to fear the gods, commit no harm, and to consider their lives as their country's right.

But, of all others, Divination was their favorite art; and, as they supposed that no person could over attain its perfection, it was divided into classes. Hence arose the Druidic orders, which were called from the class of divination which they professed.

The extreme extent of superstition by which these people were influenced may seem paradoxical to the tenets which we have asserted that they professed. However, if we take into consideration the unenlightened state of their times, the heathenish form of their worship, *cum multis aliis*, the humility of apologetic disquisition will be rendered nugatory. According to Sir James Ware, the Druids, prior to the reception of the Christian revelation, worshipped Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, the Wind, Bacchus, and several minor deities, whom they supposed to preside over mountains, rivers, &c. O'Halloran agrees with the knight, but is of opinion that some traces of their worship can still be perceived among the lower classes of the Irish. Indeed English manners and customs have

not been efficient in their powers to remove these national peculiarities. In England the feast of Hallow Eve is not celebrated with that festivity which makes every Irish heart throb with longings for its return. In this island it originally was the feast of Samhain or the Moon. Respecting the name under which the sun was worshipped, O'Halloran differs from Sir James: the latter calls him according to the Grecian and Roman mythologic name, Apollo; but the former asserts that the feast of Bel, on the 1st of May, was that of the sun, and that among the populace it was observed with the same rejoicings which now characterise the same day.

However numerous the Druids supposed the gods to be, that they imagined them subordinate to one superior power is undoubted. The Persians, where Druidism was held in zealous perfection, did likewise; Irish records inform us that Lao-gan Mac Neil, in the year 458, swore an oath, which corroborates this assertion, to deliver Europe from the Boiromhe tribute; and from Lucians Toxari we learn that such oaths were customary among the Scythians. But be this as it may, it seems as if their knowledge of a Supreme Being was very imperfect; for Jocelyn in his life of Saint Patrick, cap. 50, says, that Lao-gan Mac Neil, king of Ireland adored an idol, which was called Ceancroithi, (*head of all the Gods*) because it was supposed to give answers. This idol was magnificently decorated in gold and silver; and twelve others stood, in a posture of homage, round it. The Druids did not commit their mysteries to writing; and they computed their years by the variations of the moon.

Having said thus much relative to the Druidic mythology, we shall

* See Vallauy's Collections.

not intrude our confined researches further on the reader's attention. We cannot, however, dismiss this article without taking notice of the poetical establishment in ancient Ireland. The poets, or bards, were, as has been mentioned, members of a respectable Druidic order; they were in high esteem, possessed great immunities, and had eminent authorities in the Convention of the States General. Their chief care, besides harmonic composition, was to preserve the arms and genealogy of the chiefs and nobility. Hence every noble retained a poet in his house. In Scotland

the bards were supposed to be endowed with second sight; and if we take into consideration the close affinity between the Scots and Irish, we cannot hesitate to adopt the belief, that the same prophetic faculty was attributed to them in Ireland.

As to the religious sentiments of the bards, their remaining compositions speak sufficiently their purity of sentiment. These poems were the impulse of pure religion; and the simplicity of their diction announced the singleness of their hearts.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

VIOTTI'S RANS DE VACHES.

Sir—The enclosed article is a translation from the French, and unique in its original state. As it is a rarity, if approved of, by inserting it, you will much oblige.

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

IN a philosophic work, published in Paris, there is an essay on musical expression, by a Mr. Eymar, followed by anecdotes of VIOTTI. Among the anecdotes M. Eymar relates, he notices a *Rans de Vaches*, which Viotti used to play with all the passion and exquisite feeling that his eminent talents were so well calculated to display. For the better understanding what follows, it is necessary to mention, that Viotti used to visit a lady who lived in the valley of Montmorency, and whom M. Eymar describes under the name of *Euterpe*; it was at her house he heard the above air; it ought also to be observed, that he states Viotti to be subject to periodical fits of melancholy, which occurred every day about sun set. This singular affection will be best

described by the words of the author. "Viotti rises like the feathered songsters with the dawn of the morning—when the rays of the sun enlighten the objects that surround him, his countenance unfolds itself, and he seems to reanimate with Nature; then his genius awakes, and he composes those sublime airs which alternately excite transports of joy or tears of sorrow; but when the vivifying orb of light retires beneath the horizon, he becomes melancholy and languid, then his brilliant imagination fades—his ideas collapse like the leaves of the sensitive plant—his lips are closed, and he remains silent until the moment the *night-shade* opens its chalice. Such is the exquisite moral and physical organization to which Viotti is indebted for his fine natural taste, his ori-

ginal character, and uncommon talents!" On his return to Paris, Viotti, at the desire of Eymar, wrote the air which had afforded him so much pleasure in the valley of Montmorency, and added to it the following note:

"This *Rans de Vaches* is not that which our friend Rousseau published in his works, nor that which M. De la Borde speaks of in his book on Music; perhaps it is known to few, all I know of it is, I heard it in Switzerland where I learned it *never to forget it more*. I was walking alone towards the evening in one of those regions whose awful wildness engrosses every faculty, and where the desire of conversation never could be felt—the weather was fine, the wind which I *detest* was silent—all was calm, every thing about me was analogous to my sensations, and I bore within me that melancholy, which ever since I existed, has at that same hour each day, concentrated my soul—my mind was indifferent to the course of my ideas, they wandered and my footsteps followed them—no object had preference in my heart, but it was predisposed to that tenderness and that love, which has caused me so much pain, and bestowed on me so much happiness; passion was absent, and my restless imagination began to enjoy repose:—through heaths and woods—among hills and rocks—I went—I came—I climbed—I descended—chance led me to a place to which I at first paid no attention, it was not until afterwards I observed it was delightful, and such as I had frequently read of in the painting of *Gessner*—murmuring streams, green banks, scattered flowers—all entered into the picture, and performed a perfect harmony. I was not fatigued, but rested myself, without reflection,

on a stone, and yielded to one of those profound reveries which I frequently experienced in the course of my life, during which, my ideas ramble, mingle, and are lost in mazes of confusion, in such a manner that I forget I am upon earth. I know not what produces in me this kind of ecstasy, whether it be the slumber of the soul, or the absence of the thinking faculty, but I love it; I give myself up to it and should be sorry I did not experience it. I was seated on this stone, when suddenly my ear, or rather the spring of my existence was struck with sounds, sometimes precipitate and uninterrupted, which passed from one mountain to another without being confounded with the echoes;—they proceeded from a shepherd's pipe, the voice of a woman mingled with its sweet and melancholy tones, and formed a perfect harmony; roused as it were by enchantment, I suddenly awoke, I started from my lethargy, I shed some tears, and I learned, or rather engraved on my memory, the *Rans de Vaches*, which I gave you.* I have written the music without rhyme or measure; there are cases in which the melody ought to be unconfined, in order that it may be *melody* and only *melody*; measure would but derange its effects; these

* Madame Stael Holsten, speaking of this air, in her late work on *Germany*, observes, that much has been said of an air played on the Alpine horn, which made so lively an impression on the *Swiss*, that when they heard it, they quitted their *regiments*, to return to their native country. We may imagine, she continues, what effect this air must produce, when repeated by the echoes of the mountains; but it should be heard resounding from a distance—when near, the sensation it produces, is not agreeable. If sung by *Italian* voices, the imagination would be perfectly intoxicated with it; but perhaps this pleasure would give birth to ideas foreign to the simplicity of the country.

sounds are prolonged in the spaces through which they pass from mountain to mountain and cannot be determined. It is not time, or a measured cadence will give truth to

the execution of this piece. It requires *feeling and sentiment*—in *measure*, it would be unnatural, it would be robbed of its simplicity."

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARGARET ROPER, DAUGHTER OF
SIR THOMAS MORE.

Dr. Knight, in his life of Erasmus, relates the following anecdote of this illustrious female;—that sentence having been passed on the Chancellor, his daughter, as he returned towards the Tower, rushed through the populace and guards, threw herself on his neck, unable to utter a word, and, in an agony of despair, pressed him to her bosom. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, shed tears, while the fortitude of their heroic prisoner was severely tried. "My dear Margaret!" at length, said he, "submit with patience; grieve not thus for me, it is the will of God, and must be borne." Then tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. Again, after he had proceeded a few paces, she rushed forwards, and in an agony of sorrow threw herself on his bosom. The venerable eyes of Sir Thomas overflowed with tears, yet his fortitude remained unshaken.—Having intreated she would remember him in her prayers, he bade her an affectionate and last farewell.

The cares of Margaret extended to his beloved remains: by her exertions and interest, his body was buried in the chapel dedicated to St. Peter, in the precincts of the Tower; and was since removed, according to the wishes of Sir Thomas during his life, to the chancel of St. Luke's, Chelsea. His head,

after having remained, according to his sentence, for a fortnight on London Bridge, was about to be thrown into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter, Mrs. Roper. On this account she was inhumanly summoned before the council, when she openly and firmly defended her conduct. Her courage excited the vengeance of Henry VIII. who had her committed to prison, whence, after many vain attempts to subdue her fortitude, she was set free and restored to her family.

In compliance with her request, when dying, the head of her beloved father was interred with hers: some say in her arms; others, and which assertion is most probable, that it was inclosed in a leaden case, and deposited on her coffin.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

This illustrious female, who suffered an accumulation of misfortune, was the second daughter of the earl of Southampton, lord high treasurer of England, after the restoration of Charles II. An anecdote is related of her, which proves her courage and presence of mind in an age wherein superstition could not be said to be entirely done away.

As she sat reading in her closet, with the door bolted on the inside, the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, an hissing fire ran along the floor, and, after a short

time, left some paper in a flame, which with her foot she put into the chimney to prevent any mischief. She then sat down in the dark to ruminate on the event, wondering from whence it could proceed.—She knew that all her doors and windows were fastened, and that there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney; but that any thing should come down there to strike the candle off the table in that strange manner, she judged could not be possible.—After wearying herself with a thousand different conjectures to no purpose, she rang her bell, and related to her servant in waiting what had happened. He humbly begged her ladyship's pardon, but he had, by mistake, given her a mould candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended amongst his fellow servants to make sport on a rejoicing day, which was nigh at hand. Lady Rachel begged he would not be troubled at all about it, for that she had felt no fear, nor any other concern on the occasion, except not being able to find out the cause.

PETRARCH'S LAURA.

Petrarch once met Laura at a public assembly, where, magnificently clothed, her hands and arms were covered with silk gloves embroidered with gold. This was a scarce and costly ornament in those days, evincing the nobility of the wearer. She happened to let fall one of those gloves, which Petrarch, whose attention to her was ever on the alert, instantly picked up. Laura, extremely displeased at seeing his intention of keeping it, took it from him.—“It is not,” said he, “the person of Laura that I adore, but that

soul so superior to all others. Her conduct and manners are the image of the life of the blessed in heaven,” &c. &c.

Among the festivals given at this period by the Pope, in honor of the king of Bohemia, and the prince of Moravia, his son, the city of Avignon gave a magnificent ball, at which all the beauty of the province were collected together. Charles of Moravia was a gallant prince, and the first object he sought amongst the ladies was Laura, to whom the genius of her lover had given such popularity and fame. Having at length discovered her, he passed by every one whose rank or age gave them the claim to his preference, and casting down his eyes paid homage to her, by bowing his head, which then in France signified the most profound respect. Every one was highly pleased at this mark of distinction paid to a lady who so well deserved it.

Modesty was the characteristic of the beautiful Laura, whom neither her birth, her attractions, or the celebrity she derived from the passion of Petrarch, could ever render vain or assuming. She dressed with elegance and magnificence as became her rank: her hair was disposed with the most exquisite taste, and adorned with a kind of coronet of silver, gold, or precious stones, and sometimes with wreaths of flowers. She was peculiarly reserved in her behaviour with men, in a city where the manners were dissolute and corrupt; therefore modest beauty was ever obliged to be on its guard, and to adopt a conduct of extreme delicacy. An old lady, of cheerful manners, once said in her presence, that life

* See Petrarch, and Laura.

was preferable to honor; Laura rebuked the sentiment with some indignation, saying at the same time, "that she thought the grief of the chaste Lucretia, for the indignity she had suffered through Yarquiu, ought to have rendered a poniard unnecessary." But, notwithstanding the severity of her principles, her manners were sweet, courteous, and full of grace.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

In the latter years of this renowned female's life, when her marriage with Louis the Fourteenth was allowed to be an indisputed fact, she strengthened by age that extraordinary affection, which the monarch first entertained for her after she had attained her 45th year.

This lady, however, may rather be reckoned famous than illustrious; the revocation of the edict of Nantz, of which she was the prime authoress, and her consummate artifice, will ever tarnish her memory; yet every historian thinks proper to class her amongst illustrious women, and, as she made so conspicuous a figure during the brilliant reign of her infatuated lover, she certainly merits a place in these selections.

Louis, who could never bear her for one moment to be out of his sight, yet yielded, at length, to allow her a short respite to herself, according to St. Simon's account of her, at the time which she passed at Marli or Fontainebleau; when for two or three hours she used to retire to the remotest part of the palace to read, write, or employ herself in prayer. At nine o'clock every evening two of her women attended to undress her; a valet brought in her supper, which after having eaten, she went to bed. The king then came

into her chamber, spoke a few words to her, and, with his own hand drawing the curtains close round her, retired. In the public promenades, the coach belonging to the king and that of Madame de Maintenon were always seen side by side, and the carriages of the princesses following. When the king chose to walk on foot, it was always with his hat in his hand beside her chair, frequently stopping, that he might not lose a word which fell from her lips, being always engaged with her in conversation; when she wished to go home, he conducted her to the gate of the palace, took of her the most polite and respectful leave, and then continued his walk.

There was certainly a littleness of mind in Madame de Maintenon, the widow of the poet Scarron, which taught her not that noble virtue which ever accompanies greatness of soul, the forgiveness of unintentional injuries; she had been a false friend to Madame de Montespan, and she had succeeded in drawing from her the affections of the king, and that marked her character sufficiently in spite of all her hypocrisy.—The anecdote, however, alluded to here, concerns the fate of poor Racine, the celebrated dramatic writer, whose *etourderie* caused him to lose the favour of the monarch and his favourite, with his own life. Racine having one day been speaking with the king concerning the theatres, began to mention tragedy and comedy;—and Louis enquired of Racine, how it came to pass that the latter had so degenerated? The poet alleged the want of good authors. "And for want of good pieces," added he, "the players are condemned to bring out old ones, and among others, those wretched productions of Scarron." The widow, who was

present, reddened like fire, and the king stood in silent confusion.— This awful pause roused poor Racine from his absence of mind.— The monarch was the first to speak, and, on pretence of business, dismissed the unfortunate poet. Racine found himself a lost man, and his error irretrievable; from that day Madame de Maintenon took not the smallest notice of him, and the favour of the monarch was lost for ever; his susceptible mind languished, and he expired in 1699.

In the middle of the year 1717, when Madame de Maintenon, by age and infirmities, was totally confined to her bed, the Czar, Peter the Great, paid her a visit at St. Cyr. He arrived at seven in the evening, sat down at her bed's head, and asked her if she was sick? and what was her complaint? She replied, extreme old age. He made no answer, and shortened his visit; but as he went away, desired the attendants to open the curtain at the bed's foot, that he might see her; the ladies of St. Cyr affirmed that she blushed!

A strict regimen being prescribed for her, when in possession of all her faculties, and of a good appetite, she said, "this it is to live to the age of eighty! Who would believe posterity, if it should say, this woman, who in her time made such a conspicuous figure, had many children at St. Cyr, yet died for want of broth?"

MARGARET DE VALOIS.

This princess, the sister of Francis the first, was peculiar for her spirit of investigation, and an anecdote displaying her extreme sceptical curiosity on this head, is told by an eminent historian of that time,

She declared, that having often heard the most learned divines assert, that the moment the body ceased to exist, the immortal part was set at liberty, she could not restrain her anxious curiosity to observe whether or no, at the hour of death, such separation was discernible. One of her ladies of honour being at the point of death, she chose to be present at her expiring moments. She fixed her eyes attentively on her dying favourite till she ceased to respire; while some of her ladies urged her to depart, and not afflict herself with so affecting a spectacle. "No," said Margaret, "I wish to perceive whether the departure of the spirit is announced by any peculiar appearance or sound. I can perceive nothing; though some doctors have compared it to the song of a dying swan; a sound occasioned, as they believed, by the spirit struggling through the long neck of the bird. In like manner I had hoped to have witnessed some symptoms of the departing soul of my dying friend." The princess was, however, too well settled in her faith to suffer this for a moment to give her any doubts of the immortality of the soul; and she was resolved from that time to believe what God and the church enjoined, without troubling her head with subtle investigations.

She suffered the most cruel anxiety in the last illness of the king her brother. She declared she would fondly embrace the courier who would bring her the news of his recovery, and resign to him her own bed to repose on, gladly herself to sleep on the rude earth. On hearing of his death she sunk into a deep melancholy from which she never recovered.

(To be continued.)

THE RECLUSE.

TRAVELLING through Wales some time ago, I was peculiarly struck with the varied and beautiful scenery which the mountains presented to me as I viewed them from a distance. The country, through which I approached them, was diversified by many gentle undulations and beautiful swells, which gave a softened breath of light and shade to the landscape that was highly pleasing to me. Though these swells frequently interrupted the view, this served only to shift the scene by introducing another prospect in the space of a few minutes, that was totally different from the former, which kept imagination continually at work by anticipating what was to follow.—Amused in this manner, I sauntered slowly along, so that the evening closed in before I reached the village, where I had been directed to take up my lodging for that night; but the evening being fine, I pursued the road, and arrived at the ale-house which stood in the place of an inn, about an hour after dark. I took my place, as usual, among the people who chanced to be there, and after the accustomed exchange of civilities, called for some refreshment, by which means I was at liberty to listen to the conversation around me without giving offence; during the course of my journey, I have picked up much information in this way, for my appearance is that of a plain man, without any symptoms of that kind of sly cunning which instinctively puts mankind on their guard. I soon found that the whole conversation turned upon a man of an extraordinary character, who had lived for fifteen years in an old castle that is hard

by the village, in such a retired way, as not to have been visited by any person during that period: so that it was supposed he had committed some horrid murder or other atrocious crime, which wounded his conscience, and made him shun the sight of man, and bury himself as it were while alive. This opinion prevailing universally, the good people had long entertained such a horror for the castle and its unknown inhabitant, that no person ever went near its walls when it was possible to avoid it. But to the great surprise of every one in the village, it had been discovered, that instead of being a murderer or other atrocious offender, the man of the castle was a gentleman of great worth, who had unfortunately been deprived, by a sudden dispensation of Providence of a beloved wife, and, as he thought, of two lovely babes, their only offspring. The news of that distressing event having been rashly communicated to him while a prisoner in India, and yet lying dangerously ill of a severe wound in the head that he had received in battle, where he had been left for dead, had the effect of throwing him into a state of mental derangement, which after a long time only, slowly and imperfectly gave way to a settled melancholy, that made him wish to shun society. He had been carried off the field of battle, and taken care of afterwards by a faithful servant, who having had him conveyed home, had found out this retirement, and by the assistance of the curate of the parish, been enabled to manage his affairs, so as to prevent his solitude from being broken in upon by any one. It

had been discovered, however, by a very unexpected accident only, a short time before my arrival, that his two children, (a boy and girl,) were still alive; that for the regimental returns, no doubt had been entertained of his death; that they had been carried away from their native place, and educated in a distant part of the country as friendless orphans, that they profited by the school of adversity, and had both by moral conduct, so far recommended themselves to those who were about them, as to be beloved and befriended by all who knew them—that the girl had been lately married to a deserving young man in the neighbourhood, and that the father had been induced on this occasion, to leave his retreat a few days. A tale, so strange, could not fail to make a deep impression upon all the villagers; I conceived it at first to be an idle story, but found, upon examination, that the circumstances were not impossible, as I at first conceived them to be, and as I learnt that the old servant was still in the castle, I resolved to call on him next morning to satisfy myself more fully as to all the particulars, as I expected to derive much curious information from a person thus circumstanced—nor was I disappointed. I accordingly rose early next morning, and reached the castle at the moment the old servant opened the gate to let down the draw-bridge, for the whole castle was surrounded by a moat. I accosted the servant politely, said I was a stranger, who was attracted by the venerable appearance of the castle, and asked if I could be permitted to take a nearer view of it, to which he civilly replied, that he was glad it was in his power at that time to comply with my request, though it was a favour permitted to no person.

When I entered the verge of this

hallowed spot, for such it appeared to me, the ideas that had already floated in my mind, were greatly heightened by the awful solemnity and wildness of the place. An avenue of large trees, through whose thickened foliage the mid-day sun could only produce a gloomy shade, led to the remains of a massy pile of buildings, which, from the magnitude of its parts, though now in ruins, gave a strong idea of ancient grandeur. We entered at one corner of the building through a low door, into a vaulted passage of great length, which was still entire, though the buildings above it were all in ruins.—As we walked along this passage, the death-like stillness of the place, which was interrupted at intervals by the mournful howling of the wind, and the falling of ruined fragments from above, impressed my mind with a sensation of melancholy awe which cannot be described. All along one side, doors were perceived opening into vaults, into which no ray of light ever penetrated. In the passage itself there was only so much light as to enable us just to perceive our way; we reached at length a small corner of the building, where a few chambers were still kept in repair, and which formed the habitation of its present owner. There was nothing here that demanded attention, so that I proceeded to the garden, into which a door entered directly from these apartments.—On entering, the appearance of the garden was grand and impressive. It had been originally laid out upon the largest scale of baronial magnificence; but having been long deserted by its princely owners, the trees had acquired a wild luxuriance of growth, and now assumed a venerable gloom, unlike to any thing I had ever before seen, which conveyed a strong idea

of the wealth and power of its original owners. The objects that chiefly attracted the attention, were of a larger size, and more rugged appearance than any which I had ever observed in works of art. A large tower, which rose proudly eminent above the lesser ruins, drew the eye instinctively to that side; it projected a little more forward into the garden than the others, the lower part of this tower was still pretty entire, but towards the top it had been rifted asunder as if by a stroke of lightning. Through the gap thus formed, the eye was able to trace something like internal ornaments, but on account of the depth of shade, which then obscured them, this served only to give an awful impression of something that the mind could not fully comprehend. Through the ivy which waved in gloomy wildness round the top of the tower rose up to a considerable height a corner turret, which by projecting more forward, seemed to be in danger of falling every moment. Beyond this tower, in a grove of tall beech trees, an immense number of rooks had taken up their abode. The nests which had to all appearance remained for ages undisturbed by man, had at last become so thick, as nearly to fill up all the crannies between the branches, so as in a great measure to exclude the light of the sun, and the busy birds continually flying about in all directions, by their incessant cawing, produced at a distance a deep sound, which served greatly to augment the solemnity of the scene. On the other side was seen a grove of spreading yew trees, which seemed to be of an age coeval with the oldest part of the castle itself. These covered with long moss, had now assumed a hoary magnificence that gave them a most venerable aspect.

A double row of chestnut trees, which had originally formed an avenue leading to this sacred grove, but which by the intermingling of their wide spreading branches, now when viewed from the elevation in which we stood, appeared but as one mass by the brilliancy of their foliage, formed an enlivening contrast to the yew. The area of the garden, which had originally separated these massy fragment-objects from each other, had to appearance been once occupied as kitchen ground and orchard; but having been long neglected, had run wild, so as now to deserve the name of a wilderness, in the strictest sense of the word; apple and pear trees, intermixed with wild cherries, plumbs, and hazel copses, with hawthorns, holly, and other shrubs, were blended in irregular masses, sometimes conjoined together in the same group, and at other times separate; forming in some cases, small tufts, and in others, running out to a considerable extent, without an interruption; and these were grouped in such a number, as to divide the openings of grass ground, among which they sprung up in such a way, as to give this enchanting spot a great diversity of appearance. From some points of view, the lawn seemed to be large and open, from others, in consequence of a number of small groups, closing in upon each other, they appeared only as one mass, forming a close wood, that occupied the whole space. And as there are not among them any artificial objects to make you recognise the same place, from whatever point you saw it, it requires long experience to know the same spot from different points of view; so that you might wander over the whole place repeatedly for many days, and still think that you was proceeding forward

to new scenes, though you had often returned, nearly to the same spot. This irregular garden consisted of not more than five or six acres in extent, yet in consequence of this artificial arrangement, it might appear to a casual visitor to contain some hundreds of acres; affording an infinite succession of delightful objects.

My guide, perceiving with what satisfaction I viewed this wild scenery, took an opportunity of congratulating himself on having discovered it, "having often observed," he said, "when my master was in health, that he took much delight in scenes of this sort, I conjectured that if any thing could ever restore him to himself, it would be that of permitting him to indulge this natural propensity without interruption. After my poor master" continued he, "returned from India in a state of dejection, that rendered him incapable of conversing with any one, or at times of knowing even one, yet he had sometimes lucid intervals, in which he deigned to speak to me with his accustomed kindness. In one of those intervals, he said to me, Thomas, could you not contrive to find out for me a retired spot, in some remote corner of the country, in which I could indulge my taste for solitude,

without interruption. To you, he was pleased to say, I already owe many obligations, and this will be an additional one, of which you shall not find that I will be forgetful. I have now, you know, he continued, more money than I can ever have occasion for, I beg you then to look out for such a place, and at the same time, try if you can discover some honest man, who has more knowledge of business than you have, to transact my worldly concerns, with all of which I desire you shall be acquainted, but let me not be troubled about it. Do this and you will confer the greatest possible obligation upon me. I bowed, retired, and wept in secret over the fallen state of such an honourable gentleman, resolving to do what I could to fulfil his wishes. From that time I made every enquiry, and soon discovered that this place was offered for sale; it seemed to suit our purpose, I took an opportunity to mention it to my master, who ordered me to go and look at it, and if I found it suitable, to purchase it at once, without higgling about the terms. I came hither, found it as I thought more exactly suitable for us, than any thing I could hope for.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

IN England "any strange monster makes a man." The "wonderful performances of the INDIAN JUGGLERS" seem, at present, to form the main object of attraction to all the gaping and idle world.—The trick of *swallowing the sword* is really very surprising; and tho' in India it is sufficiently common, it is not on that account, even there, considered the less wonderful. The following extract from

Forbes's "*Oriental Memoirs*" gives so accurate a description of this astonishing trick, that to those who have less money than wit it may probably prove so satisfactory as to induce them to save their cash, and yet enable them to conceive a very sufficient notion of the prodigy.

"I have elsewhere mentioned some feats of the Indian Jugglers; at Zanore I saw one which sur-

passed every thing of the kind I had before witnessed, I mean the *swallowing a sword up to the hilt*. Had I not afterwards met with the same set on the island of Salsette, exhibiting before the English chief at Tannah, I should have doubted the evidence of my senses. I witnessed the fact more than once, and was convinced there was no deception. Finding my tale generally disbelieved in Europe, I suppressed it; but having since read a clear and satisfactory account of this extraordinary transaction, drawn up by Mr. Johnson, surgeon in the navy, who in the year 1804 was an eye witness of the performance; and having described it as a professional man, I shall transcribe the account from his memoir—

‘ Having been visited by one of these conjurers, I resolved to see clearly his mode of performing this operation; and for that purpose ordered him to seat himself on the floor of the verandah. The sword he intended to use has some resemblance to a common spilt in shape, except at the handle, which is merely a part of the blade itself, rounded and elongated into a little rod. It is from twenty-two to twenty-six inches in length, about an inch in breadth, and about one fifth of an inch in thickness: the edges and point are blunt, being rounded, and of the same thickness as the rest of the blade; it is of iron or steel, smooth, and a little bright. Having satisfied myself with respect to the sword, by attempting to bend it; and by striking it against a stone, I firmly grasped it by the handle, and ordered him to proceed. He first took a small phial of oil, and with one of his fingers rubbed a little of it over the surface of the instrument; then, stretching up his neck as much as possible, and bending

himself a little backwards, he introduced the point of it into his mouth, and pushed it gently down his throat, until my hand, which was on the handle, came in contact with his lips. He then made a sign to me with one of his hands, to feel the point of the instrument between his breast and navel; which I could plainly do, by bending him a little more backwards, and pressing my fingers on his stomach, he being a very thin and lean fellow. On letting go the handle of the sword, he instantly fixed on it a little machine that spun round, and disengaged a small firework, which encircling his head with a blue flame, gave him, as he then sat, a truly diabolical appearance. On withdrawing the instrument, several parts of its surface were covered with blood, which shewed that he was still obliged to use a degree of violence in the introduction.

“ I was at first a good deal surprised at this transaction altogether; but when I came to reflect a little upon it, there appeared nothing at all improbable, much less impossible, in the business. He told me, on giving him a trifle, that he had been accustomed, from his early years, to introduce at first small elastic instruments down his throat, and into his stomach; that by degrees he had used larger ones, until at length he was able to use the present iron sword.” *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 515—517.

In the splendid work from which the above extract is taken, Mr. Forbes informs us that “ One of the gardens [at Cosimbazar] contained a large pellucid tank, stored with *tame fish*, which were taught daily to repair to the steps for food; and perform certain evolutions. We regaled them with sweetmeats from the bazar, and were much amused by their docility.” — *Vol. iv. p. 97.*

COLLECTANEA.

Naval bravery.—Lieutenant Dalyell, Royal Navy, arrived in London, being released without exchange, by the express order of Buonaparte, after nine years confinement, in consequence of his numerous wounds. This is the same officer who was taken prisoner in November, 1803, when belonging to the Experiment sloop, fitted out by Sir S. Smith, and commanded by Captain, then Lieut. Danchet, and which defended herself for three days and three nights against the enemy's troops, although aground nearly a mile from the beach, in Holland, and only manned with eleven men and the above two officers, both of whom, after being prisoners 17 days, made their escape. Lieut. Dalyell was afterwards Lieutenant of the Rattler sloop; when attacking and boarding a French lugger, off St. Valéry, he received 13 wounds in the head and back, and was left for dead on her decks; he has since been a prisoner at Verdun.

Anecdote.—"Dr. John Savage was called the Aristippus of the age. 'In his younger days,' says Bishop Newton, "he had travelled with an Earl of Salisbury, to whom he was indebted for a considerable living in Hertfordshire; and in his more advanced years was a lively, pleasant, facetious old man. One day at the Levee, George I. asked him how long he staid at Rome with Lord Salisbury? Upon his answering how long; Why (said the King) you staid long enough—why did you not convert the Pope?—Because, Sir, (replied he,) I had nothing better to offer him."

Irish Charitable Society of London.—The institution was established for the purpose of relieving, by seasonable benefactions, such families and individuals of the Irish nation, as, destitute of all settlement in England, may be reduced to undeserved distress, or stand in need of an instance to return to their native country, deservedly flourish. To the 1st of September, 1812, it had relieved 109 men, 146 women, and 149 children; and sent to Ireland, 61 men, 60 women, and children.

The surface of the Thames.—The beginning of this month exhibited a sportive scene seldom to be witnessed. The perambulators and tennis were numerous, and the sports diversified. Paths were formed, both direct and diagonal, from shore to shore; and frequent cautions were

given to those heroines whose cariosity induced them to venture on the glassy plane, to be careful not to slip off the kirk. The Votaries of Terpsichore amused themselves with the merry dance, in which they were accompanied principally by Pandean pipes; while others diverted themselves with skittles; and the well-known cry of *Up and win'em*, resounded from the voices of numerous venders of savoury pies, gin, and gingerbread, &c. A printing-press was also exhibited, from which bills were issued, denoting that they were printed on the ice, at the small charge of one penny!—Most of the booths were distinguished by appropriate signs: there were the watermen's arms, the crown, the mag-pyre, the sculpot; &c. and one wag had a notice appended to his tent, that several feet adjoining his premises, were to let on a building lease; but either from a doubt of the validity of the title deeds, or from the nature of the soil not meeting approbation, we did not learn that he met with a customer.

The Hillsborough Packet, lately, on the passage between Portpatrick and Donaghader, was literally covered in the rigging and deck by a most numerous flock of larks; they had taken their departure from some place at, or near Portpatrick, and, in order to have a rest by the way, swarmed about the packet; some clinging to the shrouds, some to the gaff and top-mast, and others upon deck. Vast quantities let themselves down upon the water alongside; all those which alighted with extended wings, went head foremost into the water, and such as had their wings close to their sides, were able to take wing again and proceed. So soon as they got near shore, they made a rapid flight for the land. Many thousands alighted not 200 yards from the pier of Donaghadee.

In January 1813, the number interred in the three city burying grounds, Glasgow, was 94—in January 1814, it amounted to 227!

Tithes.—At Carlisle Assizes, the judge decided that the clergy have no right to tithes from land, which has been enclosed from a common or forest, until after it has been so enclosed seven years; excepting in any case wherein the land did not require ploughing more than once in the first year.

Social Economy and the Useful Arts.

(For the Monthly Muscum.)

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.

SIMPLE SUPPORTER OF COMBUSTION.

OXYGEN.

(Continued from page 212.)

THE general importance of chemistry is so great, that there is no branch of art, which may not be improved very considerably by this science. But there has not a body of more essential and general service to humanity fallen under the inspection of the chemist, than oxygen. It throws a very clear light on physical and medical phenomena; and it accounts for occurrences which vulgar superstitions had often considered miraculous.

There is not any branch of art more to be influenced by this fact than architecture. We do not now venture an explanation of the different orders; but we revert to facts in humbler specimens of the art. In the construction of windows and fire places, it is necessary at least to balance the consumption of vital air by the latter, with the possibility of its renovation by the former. Some time ago a case fell under our inspection, in which the necessity of this precaution is proved. The circumstance to which we allude, happened at Shroole in the Queen's county; it was tragical to the individual; but may, if properly taken into consideration, prove very advantageous to the inferior ranks of society. A poor man was accommodated in an apartment; where a fire had not been lighted for a considerable time; he chose to indulge himself in the luxury:

and accordingly kindled some embers in the grate. The funnel of the chimney was stopped with jackdaws nests; and therefore the egress of the air changed by combustion was prevented; it consequently mingled with the atmospheric air in the room. The poor man retired to rest, but he never awoke—in the morning he was suffocated. Now one of the data to be relied on in experiments on oxygen gas is, (as we have above stated) that during the process of combustion, it enters into various combinations; and at the end of the process, (provided there be sufficient materials for the gas to act upon) the oxygen has entirely disappeared, and the new combination has the property of mixing with the atmosphere. It is very evident that, even if a quantity of oxygen remain unconsumed, this mixture must render the air very impure; and in proportion to its impurities it becomes more or less fatal.

But it may be asked, why were not the persons who entered the room where he lay, and found him dead, suffocated also? The very opening of the door gave admittance to a fresh accession of air; and it is probable that the entire of the oxygen might not have been destroyed.

The action of this gas is also to be considered in manufactories. Metals undergo very great changes.

They inhale it from the atmosphere. Their combination are known by their appearances; for instance, iron, when exposed to the air, attracts oxygen, and rust is formed. Hence the converse of the mistaken idea of keeping silver and other metals out of use. This is any thing but economy. House-keepers are well acquainted with the appearance of plate which has lain by; and persons of observation have ascertained, that this rust or oxide is of a very corrosive nature; and, therefore, the weight of the metal must be influenced inversely as the weight of the oxide.

SIMPLE COMBUSTIBLES.

Under this head are comprised those bodies which are capable of combustion, and cannot be subdivided into simple bodies of foreign natures. There are but four of them known so as to be recognised by the class, viz. *Sulphur, Hydrogen, Phosphorus, and Carbon.*

Some chemists have, indeed, given the metals a place among the simple combustibles; but as they seem (with more propriety) to others to be a class of bodies *sui generis*, we shall agree to the division, and pass our vote for their exclusion. We shall begin with

SULPHUR.

Whether considered as a subject for chemical experiment, or as a renovator of health, this substance demands our most interested care. The appearance of it is well known;

it is of a yellow colour, hard and brittle, impressing the mouth with a weak taste, and entirely devoid of smell. It is insoluble in water, and does not effloresce on exposure to the atmosphere. It falls to pieces when exposed to, a sudden or gentle heat; but when a stronger heat is applied, it sublimes.

By this means the powder, more technically known by the name of flower of sulphur, is obtained.—The process is conducted in the following manner: procure a vessel, open at top, into which some sulphur or brimstone is to be thrown; a receiver, with a groove round the orifice, is to be fitted to the vessel by luting. The apparatus being thus arranged, it is placed in a sand bath; heat being applied, the sulphur melts, and a thick smoke flies upward, in a vegetable form. This adheres to the receiver; and from its appearance it is called flowers of sulphur.

The heat required to produce flowers of sulphur is 170° or thereabouts; but, if the temperature be increased to 214° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it melts and becomes liquid. If a temperature far above the boiling-point be applied, on sinking it to 220°, by draining of the liquid, which will be under a crust formed on the sulphur, long octahedral crystals will be perceived: hence we infer, that sulphur is capable of chyrstallization.

(To be continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

FARMERS' CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

THIS is undoubtedly the best month in the year for sowing barley. Later sowing of this crop has been advised; but the experience of the most able farmers is against deferring it even to next month. It is not denied that abun-

dant crops are gathered from April and May sowing; but at the same time it is asserted and proved to be the case, that if the seed be now put in the ground, the crop will be larger at least by four bushels.

Turnips are by this time unfit to

feed cattle ; what use then is to be made of the ground for the rest of the season ? It is excellent husbandry to crop it now with barley. After the turnips have been carted away, or consumed on the ground, particular attention must be paid to the state of the surface. It is too late now to entrust it to the action of frost ; and at this season the frosts are seldom sufficiently strong or continued to complete the friability of the earth. In some cases it may be necessary to use the plough ; but it is better not to have recourse to this implement, if the scarificator can be worked.

If fallow ground be intended for barley, the plough must certainly be rejected. For as it has been exposed to the frost of the entire winter, scarifying or scuffling will be quite sufficient.

Oats is a crop which, according to the testimony of the best farmers, will, if they get ground which has received the same preparation, equal or exceed barley. It is a very erroneous idea, that it is more profitable to sow barley on good land than oats ; and it is miserable husbandry which is contented with the crop of the latter grain sown on ground where the former would not be ventured. If the produce arising from such practice clear the farmer, it will do no more. But if oats receive soil prepared as if for barley, the harvest will be sufficient to pay the husbandman, even in a low market.

Clover is so profitable that it must, if possible, be had on every farm. There are three methods of sowing it : 1st, in the drill it may be sown and harrowed in with the barley. The only inconvenience arising from this method is to be felt in a wet season ; if the rain be continued and heavy, it is apt to grow so luxuriant, that the barley is lost or damaged. 2d, it is sown

before the roller, when the barley is four inches high. This method succeeds well, if rain follow soon after ; indeed in this moist climate we think it the preferable way ; and 3d, it may be hoed in.

Upon light and poor sandy soils, where clover does not succeed, trefoil may be sown ; if six pounds of trefoil, four of clover, and half a bushel of hay be sown together, they will make good and sweet feeding for two years.

Lands which have been worn out by bad management, or impoverished by overcropping, should be alternated with grasses for four or five years. This will render them again productive. On loamy or marley soils, sainfoin should be sown ; it is the very best mode of employing them ; and if it be sown on limestone gravel, it will lend much assistance to pay the farmer.

This is the proper month to sow peas ; the kind is to be known by the soil ; for almost every field answers a peculiar pea, stiff clays do well for hog peas, &c. They are sometimes ploughed in, sometimes harrowed ; if the clay be apt to bind, the plough puts in the seed too deep, and the odds are therefore against its ever growing. In such land then the harrow is most advantageously used ; but in light soils that are liable to be scorched by the sun, the seed should be put a considerable distance below the surface. This also is a proper time to sow beans ; we have already spoken of the advantages derivable from these crops ; but as it is a mode of husbandry not much practised in this kingdom, we shall not enlarge more in this place.— If at any time, however, we shall find the practice encroaching, we shall advance our advice.

The carrot sowing should now be made. Some mistakes have

been prevalent relative to the soil best adapted to this root. There are persons who say that they will only thrive on sandy situations, but experience has proved that dry loams are the best. In point of profit they are next to parsnips. The land should be ploughed in the common manner, and the seed sown, broad-cast and harrowed in at the rate of 5 lb. to an acre.—Now parsnips should also be sown, but it is useless to attempt them on any but the very best land; for as in such case their produce is most profitable, so is it a disappointing mode of husbandry if the seed be thrown into bad ground.

The potato sowing should now be attended; but this is too well known by every body to require directions from us. Cabbages should still be sown. In fact there scarcely is a seed but may now be sown.

Wheat should now be scarified; indeed this is an operation indispensably necessary. The motive for scarifying is to open passages for admission of air into the earth, so that the seed can be acted upon by its stimulating power; it also pulverises the earth and makes the expansion of the seed more easily effected.

Cattle should now be particularly attended to.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF EARLY POTATOES.

THE following is an extract from the last "Report of the Committee of the Board of Agriculture."

"Cut the sets (of potatoes) and put them on a room floor, where a strong current of air can be introduced at pleasure; lay them thin about two or three layers in depth; cover them with oat shells or saw-dust, to the thickness of about two or three inches; this, at the same time that it screens them from the frost, affords them a moderate degree of warmth, which causes them to vegetate; but at the same time admits air enough to harden the shoots, the doors and windows are to be open as often as the weather is mild enough to admit of its being done with safety. The sets must be frequently examined, and when the shoots have sprung an inch and a half, or two inches, the covering is to be carefully removed either with a wooden rake or with the fingers. In this manner they must remain until the planting season, taking care to give them all the air possible, by the doors

and windows, when it can be done with safety. By this method, the shoots will become green, put out leaves, and be moderately hardy: in this way four crops have been raised on the same ground in one year, taking care always to have sets from the repository ready to put in, as soon as the others are taken up. A crop of winter lettuce is sometimes raised afterwards from the same land. We are enabled to say from experience, that two crops may be obtained from the same ground yearly with great ease, and afterwards a crop of coleworts.

"To raise two good crops in one year.—The method that has from experience been found most successful, is to plant the ground in the spring with the best early potato (managed in the method already quoted); these will be ready in the beginning of summer; the soil should be ploughed once, and planted either with the large white kidney or Killimanca, the sets of which should be cut at least six weeks before they are planted;

they should be kept in a place where both air and light may have free access to them, by which means their shoots will be strong and vigorous, and as they will then have no frosts to encounter, they will grow immediately when put into the earth. The operations of planting should be performed with the greatest care, in order to preserve the shoots from being broken, as in that case the crop will be rendered considerably later. Perhaps there is no way of doing this

so completely as with a stick; in this way the plant is not only placed at a proper depth, but the shoot is preserved and set upright in such a way, that the top is equal with the surface. It will certainly be objected to this mode of planting, that it requires more labour than the ordinary method of dropping the sets into the furrow; but when properly considered, this objection will vanish, as three persons dibbling will plant as many in one day as two in the ordinary way.

ON THE CLIMACTERIC DISEASE,

BY SIR H. HALFORD, BART. F. R. S.

THE human constitution, in its progress to maturity, undergoes repeated changes, by which its energies are developed, and it reaches, at length, that degree of perfection, whatever it may be, of which the individual nature is capable.

Other changes too, of an important kind, generally occur in the decline of life; and philosophers have amused themselves with calculating the period at which these must happen, from the successive alterations which the frame underwent in early youth; not taking into their account the influence which moral causes have in our progress through life, in disturbing the regularity of natural processes, nor considering that various accidents and habits of living more frequently determine the number of a man's years, than the strength of the stamina with which he was born.

It will not be disputed, however, that the alteration of the condition of the system in age, is not so well marked as that which took place in the beginning of life; and it must be admitted, that in some persons who have reached very great age, no such alteration has been manifested at the epochs which have been called climacteric. The period of the occurrence of

this change in men, in general, is so very irregular, that it may be occasionally remarked at any time between fifty and seventy-five years of age, and I will venture to question, whether it be not, in truth, a disease rather than a mere declension of strength, and decay of the natural powers. To the argument, by which it is maintained that it is mere decay, it may be sufficient to answer, that men frequently rally from the languid and feeble condition of their system into which this change had thrown them, become to a certain degree themselves again, and live for years afterwards.

But it appears to me to have the signs of a marked and particular disease, and I would describe it as a falling away of the flesh in the decline of life, without any obvious source of exhaustion, accompanied with a quicker pulse than natural, and an extraordinary alteration in the expression of the countenance.

Sometimes the disorder comes on so gradually and insensibly, that the patient is hardly aware of its commencement. He perceives that he is sooner tired than usual, and that he is thinner than he was; but yet he has nothing material to

complain of. In process of time his appetite becomes seriously impaired: his nights are sleepless, or if he get sleep, he is not refreshed by it. His face becomes visibly extenuated, or perhaps acquires a bloated look. His tongue is white, and he suspects that he has fever.

If he ask advice, his pulse is found quicker than it should be, and he acknowledges that he has felt pains occasionally in his head and chest; and that his legs are disposed to swell; yet there is no deficiency in the quantity of his urine, nor any other sensible failure in the action of the abdominal viscera, excepting that the bowels are more sluggish than they used to be.

Sometimes the headach is accompanied with vertigo; and sometimes severe rhumatic pains, as the patient believes them to be, are felt in various parts of the body and in the limbs; but, on inquiry, these have not the ordinary seat, nor the common accompaniments of rheumatism, and seem rather to take the course of nerves than of the muscular fibres.

In the latter stages of this disease, the stomach seems to lose all its powers; the frame becomes more and more emanated; the cellular membrane, in the lower limbs, is laden with fluid; there is an insurmountable restlessness by day, and a total want of sleep at night; the mind grows torpid and indifferent to what formerly interested it; and the patient sinks at last, seeming rather to cease to live, than to die of a mortal distemper.

Such is the ordinary course of this disorder in its most simple form; when it proves fatal. When the powers of the constitution are superior to the influence of the malady, the patient loses his symptoms gradually, recovers his rest

and his appetite, and, to a certain degree, his muscular strength and flesh; but the energies of his frame are never again what they were before, nor does the countenance recover its former volume and expression.

I should observe, that though this climacteric disease is sometimes equally remarkable in women as in men, yet most certainly I have not noticed it so frequently, nor so well characterised in females. Perhaps the severe affections of their system which often attend the bearing of children, or, what is more likely, the change which the female constitution undergoes at the cessation of the catamenia, may render subsequent alterations less perceptible.

Of the various immediate causes to which this malady may owe its commencement, there is none more frequent than a common cold.—When the body is predisposed to this change, any occasion of feverish excitement, and a privation of rest at the same time, will readily induce it. I have known an act of intemperance, where intemperance was not habitual, the first apparent cause of it. A fall, which did not appear of consequence at the moment, and which would not have been so at any other time, has sometimes jarred the frame into this disordered action. A marriage contracted late in life has also afforded the first occasion to this change; but above all, anxiety of mind and sorrow have laid the surest foundation for the malady in its least remediable form.

Physicians will not expect me to propose a cure for this malady.—In fact, I have nothing to offer with confidence, in that view, beyond a caution that the symptoms of disease be not met by too active a treatment. It is not very improbable that this important change

in the condition of the constitution is connected with a deficiency in the energy of the brain itself, and an irregular supply of the nervous influence to the heart. Whatever, therefore, would weaken the general system must be detrimental; and it seems in all cases of this kind more prudent to direct local than general evacuations for the relief of occasional congestions in the blood vessels.

For the torpor of the stomach and digestive organs the warmer purgatives are generally preferable

to those of a saline kind; and I have often been better satisfied with the effect of the decoctum aloes compositum than that of other evacuants.

If the system appear to be surmounting its difficulties, the Bath water may be recommended with probable advantage, particularly if the stomach has been weakened by intemperance, and still more especially if symptoms of gout shall have been blended with those of the climacteric malady in its course.

STATE OF THE HOUSE OF-INDUSTRY, &c.

From 6th Jan. 1813, to 5th Jan. 1814.

[The following we insert from a Return made to the respective Officers of the different Workhouses, &c. to give as correct a view of this part of our jurisprudence as it is in our power. We mean hereafter to make such remarks as can be collected from intelligent persons; and ascertain, if possible, the causes why so many paupers and idlers are allowed to infest our streets and public places.]

General Report of the House of Industry, Penitentiaries, &c.

In the House, 6th Jan. 1813,	-	-	3241
Admitted since, Men,	-	-	2083
Women,	-	-	4246
Boys,	-	-	783
Girls,	-	-	829
			7911
Admitted by their own desire,	-	-	7656
Compelled	-	-	285
			7941

Admitted from the following Places

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Tot.
From Connaught,	125	161	38	324
Leinster,	1521	5443	1328	6292
Munster,	99	200	74	373
Ulster,	251	336	141	728
Great Britain and elsewhere,	67	106	31	224
Total,	2083	4246	1612	7941

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Tot.
Transmitted, during the Year, to England,	23	39	11	69
to the country parts of Ireland,	31	105	23	159
Total	56	138	34	228

The passage to Liverpool was paid for such paupers as went to England, and the sum of 121. 1s. 1d. was given in small sums for travelling expenses, to those persons who went to the country parts of Ireland, with a certain allowance of provisions to each.

State of the House of Industry, 5th Jan. 1814.

In the House	-	2834
Adults employed in Manufactures	-	308
Nurses, Labourers and Persons employed in Menial Offices	-	187
Nurses in Wet Nursery	-	46
Infirm, Aged and incapable of Labour	-	803
Lunatics and Idiots in the Wards, exclusive of those in the Hospital	-	97
Deaf and Dumb	-	5
Blind	-	9
Children in Asylums	-	731
in Wet Nursery	-	47
in Dry Nursery	-	37
Patients in Hardwicke Medical Hospital and Richmond Surgical Hosp.	-	544
		2834

State of the Bedford Asylum for Industrious Children.

	Males.	Females.	Tot.
Weavers	17	12	29
Bobbing and Twist Winders	12	7	19
Hosiery	-	16	16
Tailors	22	-	22
Shoemakers	9	-	9
Plano-workers	-	302	302
Embroiderers	-	2	2
Quilters	-	5	5
Tambour Worker	-	1	1
Taught to Read and Write only	173	153	326
Children in Wet Nursery	25	22	47
in Dry Nursery	21	56	57
Total	279	556	835
Apprenticed during the year, 25 boys and 60 girls.			
Gross produce of the labour of adult poor	£ 1606	2	11
Gross produce of the labour of the children	1231	5	04
Earned by adults, working in gardens not belonging to the Institution	6	17	6
Total produce of labour for twelve months	£ 2,844	5	54

*Report of the Hardwicke Medical Hospital,
From the 6th January, 1813, to the 5th January, 1814.*

In the Hospital, 6th Jan. 1813	473
Admitted since	2783
	3256
Discharged cured	2438
Died	407
In the Hospital, 5th Jan. 1814	411
	3256

N. B. Of the above Number 1870 were admitted into the Hardwicke Fever Hospital, within the last year, and 235 died.

State of the Hardwicke Medical Hospital, 5th Jan. 1814.

Fever patients	95
Convalescent do.	25
Chronic	64
Lunatic	125
Surgical	60
Nurses and Servants	42
	411

A Carriage is provided to carry Patients afflicted with contagious Fever, which the Public are requested to apply for.

Report of the Richmond Surgical Hospital.

Open the 4th June, 1811.

In the Hospital, 5th Jan. 1813	196
Admitted since	814
		940
Discharged cured	733
Died	73
In the Hospital, 5th Jan. 1814	133
		940

State of the Richmond Surgical Hospital, 5th Jan. 1814.

Patients labouring under Accidents	28
Chronic Surgical	61
Venernal	30
Nurses and Servants	14
		133

A Dispensary is established in the Richmond Surgical Hospital for the Relief of extern Poor, who receive Advice, Medicine and Flannel, if necessary. In the last year 4980 extern Poor have received assistance.

Part of the Richmond General Asylum, intended for the reception of 200 Lunatics, has been opened, and affords at present accommodation for 100 Patients; it is expected that the whole Building will be occupied in the course of the ensuing year.

The House of Industry, Infirmary, &c. &c. are open for the reception of the Poor of all Ages and Descriptions, without any Recommendation; it is therefore evident from the preceding Statement, how unnecessary, if not injurious, is the practice of indiscriminate Alms-giving.

The exertions of the Board to free the Streets of the Mendicant Impostors who infest them, must be ineffectual, whilst this mistaken and misapplied benevolence is continued,

Report of the Penitentiary for Adult Female Convicts.

This Institution was placed under the direction of the Governors of the House of Industry, on the 1st December, 1809. Its object is the reception, employment, and reformation of Female Convicts, sentenced to Transportation. They are provided with Bedsteads, Beds, Sheets and Blankets, and receive two meals daily of nutritive food. Those who are capable of Industry, are usefully employed in making Barrack Bedding, Shirts for the Army, and in weaving Calico, Jean, Cord, &c. and receive one-half of the profits of their labour.

Admitted since 1st December, 1809	189
Reformed, and pardoned by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant	61
Removed to the Hospitals in the House of Industry	17
Remanded to Newgate, as incorrigible	9
Removed to the Penitentiary in James's-street	15
Died	5
Discharged, the period of their sentence being expired	27
Remain in the House, on the 5th January, 1814	54
		189

The Present State is as follows :

Number of Convicts	..	54
A Child	..	1
		55
Employed at Weaving	..	25
at Needle-work	..	22
In the Infirmary	..	5
Employed as Nurses	..	2
A Child	..	1
		55

Gross amount of Labour of Female Convicts for twelve

Months, ending the 31st December, 1813 £ 612 18 0

An apartment in this Institution is appropriated to the reception of Females, under fifteen years, committed by Magistrates, for short periods. These are usefully employed in Plain-work, &c. instructed in their moral and religious duties, and if reformed, are placed in proper situations. They earned the sum of £ 22 4 4 in six months, ending the 31st Dec. 1813, one-third of which was paid to them in premium.

General Report of the Penitentiary for Young Criminals.

This Institution was established by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in 1801, and placed under the direction of the Governors of the House of Industry. Its object is the reform of Young Criminals sentenced to Transportation, and those who may be committed by Magistrates for petty crimes.

Since its formation were admitted	787
Young Convicts sentenced to Transportation	82
Young Criminals committed by Magistrates	705
	<hr/> 787
Of those have been apprenticed to Trades	67
Pardoned by the Lord Lieutenant	22
Enlisted in the Army and Navy by his Excellency's permission	127
Discharged by order of Magistrates	368
Transferred to the House of Industry for good conduct	102
Died	7
Escaped	21
Remain in the Penitentiary	73
	<hr/> 787

State of Employment.

Weavers	18
Winders	11
Boys taught to Read and Write only	44
	<hr/> 73

Gross Produce of the Labour of Boys.

One year ending the 31st December, 1813, £ 159 5 0

Penitentiary, James's-street.

The Governors of the House of Industry have been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, to superintend the Works carried on by the Females in this Prison.

In Custody, 5th Jan. 1814	41
Prisoners for three years	40
Ditto for one month	1
	<hr/> 41

State of Employment.

Making Shirts	26
Nursing	5
Cleaning the House	1
Sick	5
Unemployed	4
	<hr/> 41

Amount earned by the Prisoners,

From the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1813, £ 70 10 0½

Kilmainham Gaol.

The Male Convicts in this Gaol, capable of Labour, have been, by command of the Lord Lieutenant, placed under the superintendence of the Governors.

Employed on the 5th Jan. 1814.

State of Employment.

Weaving	4
Winding for ditto	2
As Labourers	2
	<hr/> 8

Amount earned by the Convicts in this Prison,

From the 1st January to the 31st December, 1813, £ 73 11 10½

Literature, Science and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS:

WITH CHARACTERISTIC EXTRACTS.

The Bride of Abydos; a Turkish Tale. By LORD BYRON, pp. 72, 8vo. price 6s.—Murray, Lond.

THE merits of *Childe Harold* are too well known to every lover of poetry not to render any other publication of the same author a subject of general curiosity; nor has the well earned fame acquired by that singular composition been lessened by the poem which followed it. Though differing from the former in style, subject, and measure, the *Giaour* maintains that spirit and energy which characterizes the poet, together with that singularity of sentiment which distinguish this author from the other eminent poets of the present day. The subject of the work now under consideration most resembles the latter of these poems. If inferior in spirit it surpasses it in regularity. The reader's imagination, undisturbed by any sudden breaks and transitions in the narrative, is permitted to follow at his ease the train of events, and has thus greater leisure to dwell upon what are the real beauties of poetry.

It is not, however, our intention at present to decide on the relative merits of the two poems, but rather confine ourselves solely to that which we now undertake to comment on, and to form a view of its intrinsic merits, uninfluenced by any consideration not immediately deducible from the work itself and the manner in which it is treated by the author.

The subject of the tale is simply

as follows:—*Giafir*, a Turkish Pacha, actuated by some unnamed motive of interest or resentment, that so easily excites the inhabitants of the warm climates to the most atrocious crimes, murders his brother *Abdallah*. *Selim*, the infant son of his victim, was saved by the fidelity of one of the slaves, who carried him to the murderer and threw him on his mercy.—*Giafir*, in a sudden fit of humanity, equally unaccountable and equally common among semi-barbarous natives, not only saved his life, but had him educated as his own son; still, however, cautiously withholding him from the knowledge of those military sciences which might at some future period enable him to avenge his father's death in case accident should at any time reveal the dreadful secret. The secret, however, is betrayed.—*Haroun*, not only informs the youthful orphan of the circumstances attending his infancy, but provides him with the means of retaliation by introducing him, during *Giafir's* absence on a military expedition, to a band of Turkish pirates, among whom, his superior talents and prowess soon gave him the precedence. On his uncle's return, he also returns, and the poem commences about this time, with a summons from the hoary murderer to his favourite daughter, *Zuleika*; gives her notice to prepare for a marriage with a neighbouring chieftain, by the addition of whose power, he wishes to secure his own. A young Tur.

kish female cannot but be an object of interest; nor is our interest likely to be lessened by the mode of her introduction.

Who hath not proved, how feebly words
essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly
ray?

Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek; his sinking heart
confess,

The night, the majesty of loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her
alone. CANT. I. 170—178.

Selim was present at this interview. As a brother, he had admission into the female apartments of the Harem; and as a sister, she had admitted him into that endearing union of sentiments which can be fully experienced by those only whose hearts are cemented by the double union of consanguinity and friendship. His feelings on this dreadful intimation, and those of Zuleika, on observing the agitation of his spirits, are finely described. The interview terminates by a vow on her part never to desert her brother; and a mutual agreement to meet in a retired grotto in the gardens, there to arrange measures for preventing a marriage which must separate them for ever.

We cannot close this part of the narrative, without dwelling more particularly on the expressions with which Zuleika describes her devoted attachment to her supposed brother.

Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed;
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest
But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knewest before,
It ne'er was less nor can be more.
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
And hate the night I know not why,
Save that we meet not but by day,
With thee to live, with thee to die,
I dare not to my wish deny!

To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try
To these alone my thoughts aspire.

CANT. I. 333—406.

In the beginning of the second Canto, which describes their meeting in the grotto, the storminess of the night, the situation of Giafir's palace, the circumstances of the lovers' situation, give rise to a beautiful apostrophe, which, tho' not directly applicable to the subject, will be easily pardoned by every true lover of poetry.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave
The lonely hope of Sesto's daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky,
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home
And clouds aloft, and tides below,
With signs and sounds forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers' long!"
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

CANT. II. 1—19.

One of the peculiar beauties of Lord Byron's poems, is the characteristic descriptions of manners which we are certain are not more novel than true. An opportunity is here given to describe the interior of an eastern female apartment.

Yes, there is light in that lone chamber
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant heads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran:
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
How could she thus that gem forget!
Her mother's sainted amulet,
Whereon engraved the Koorse text,
Could smooth this life, and even the
next;

And by her comboloio * lies
 A koran of illumined dies ;
 And many a bright emblazoned rhyme,
 By Persian scribe redeemed from time ;
 And o'er those scrolls,—not oft so mute—
 Reclines her now neglected lute ;
 And round her lamp of fretted gold
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould ;
 The richest work of Iran's loom,
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume ;
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gathered in that gorgeous room—
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this pericell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a
 night ? CANT. II. 63—96.

She meets Selim, but under a
 very different appearance from
 what he had been accustomed to
 visit her. He now wears the dress
 of a Galiongee, or Turkish sailor,
 such as he wore when he had left
 his uncle's palace in disguise, to
 train himself to warlike feats, by
 engaging in piratical adventures.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreath'd lightly round his temples wore:
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glittered at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorned were brace'd.
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white—the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Camivote:
 Beneath—his golden pinsted vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast—
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheath'd and
 bound.
 But, were it not that high command
 Spoke in his eye—and tone and hand—
 All that a careless eye could see
 In him was some young Galiongee.

CANT. II. 131—130.

Selim proceeds to reveal his true
 character, by relating the circum-
 stances of his birth as they have
 been already related. Zuleika's
 feelings on discovering that Selim
 was not her brother, and the ap-
 prehensions so naturally arising
 in an innocent mind, that the ties

which had hitherto united them
 were for ever broken, are expressed
 in a style of delicacy perfectly sui-
 table to the idea the reader must
 have formed of her amiable cha-
 racter in the preceding part of the
 poem. It begins thus—

Oh ! not my brother !—yet unmay—
 God ! am I left alone on earth !
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
 That saw my solitary birth, &c.

We have already trespassed too
 far to allow ourselves the pleasure
 of dwelling longer on these beau-
 ties. We must hasten to the con-
 clusion. At the moment Selim
 has almost succeeded in persuading
 Zuleika to quit her father's house
 and share his fortunes, the garden
 appears full of lights and armed
 men. Selim in despair, after sa-
 ving his mistress from immediate
 harm in the interior of the cave,
 rushes to the mouth, and roused
 by the united energies of courage
 and despair, discharges his pistol
 to alarm his comrades, who are
 awaiting him at a little distance,
 and then commences an unequal
 combat with a multitude of as-
 sailants. His comrades arrive, he
 opens a path to the shore with his
 sword, he rushes forward to meet
 them—a carbine is discharged—the
 tissue of villainy is completed ;
 the murderer of the father becomes
 the murderer of the son.

One bound he made, and gained the
 strand—

Already at his feet hath sunk]
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk ;
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes ;
 From right to left his path he clefs,
 And almost met the meeting wave
 His boat appears—not five or six lengths—
 His comrades strain with desperate
 strength—

Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave,
 His hand are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray

* "Comboloio." A Turkish rosary.
 Vol. L. Oo

Wet—wild—unwearied—to the strand
They struggle, now they touch the land—
They came—'tis but to add to slough or
His heart's best blood is on the water.

Giafir, returning in triumph from the destruction of his most deadly enemy, seeks his daughter; but finds her lifeless on the ground, the agitation of her feelings overpowered the delicacy of her frame, and sunk exhausted before the fatal blow was struck that realised her terrors.

This faint sketch must prove that the original is beautiful—it is not, however, without its defects;—among those we cannot but notice the ostentatious display of local knowledge in the use of Eastern names, where English words were equally applicable. The Gul and the Bulbul are not more honourous than the rose and the nightingale, and certainly not so intelligible.

We also observe many double rhymes. These, though when introduced sparingly and with judgment, produce a most pleasing variety; yet, when employed too frequently, seem to convey the idea of negligence and hurry.

Some particular lines appear to us exceptionable. The expression of "music breathing from her face," seems strained and inelegant. Nor does the laboured apology of the noble author induce us to change our opinion. "The gently-budding breast" is indelicate; and a passage in one of Zuleika's speeches is subject to the same charge, as conveying a sense of emotions not wholly compatible with the purity of the virgin character.

We cannot close this short but pleasing volume, without supplying the omission of a passage that must vibrate in unison with the heart of every one, who can conceive what freedom is. We allude to the passage where Selim de-

scribes his sensations on first obtaining his liberty, by escaping from his supposed father's mansion.

'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,
When first this liberated eye
Surveyed earth, ocean, sun and sky!
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew—
One word alone can paint to thee
That more than feeling—I was free!
E'er for thy presence ceased to pine—
The world—say, heaven itself was mine.
CANT. II. 343—352.

This is the language of a hero; it is echoed in some succeeding passages.

A Gallery of Portraits, painted by an old and celebrated Master, and retouched by an Irish Artist.—pp. 118. 12mo. Dublin.—Hibernia press, 1813.

ACCORDING to Pope, "the proper study of mankind is man." If so, and we are strongly inclined to accede to this maxim at least of his philosophy, no books can be so interesting as those which develop the human character. Two modes present themselves to effect this end. One by tracing the characters of individuals from a summary retrospect of their actions; the other by abstracting from a number of individuals, the prominent features of whose minds bear a mutual resemblance, the peculiarities which constitute their individuality; and, by combining the general traits that still remain in common to all, to form a generic character which cannot be justly applied to this or that person, but becomes the representative of an entire species of humanity. The former of these is used in history: the latter constitutes the essence of the subject we are about to consider, which may, not improperly, be styled characteristics.

From the days of Theophrastus till the present time, this branch of morality has ever been a favourite study; few authors indeed have written professedly upon it: but by fewer still, who have chosen the analysis of the human mind for their subject, has it been totally neglected. It possesses many claims to our attention, it shews us man in our abstract. We behold the qualities, whether virtuous or vicious, which combine to form a certain line of character, selected from all others and united together for our more speedy comprehension. In drawing conclusions for the purposes of real life, whatever good we may derive from it to ourselves, we are in no danger of employing it to our neighbour's injury. In our own case, we can at one view perceive the various points essential to the character we wish to conform to; in our neighbours, though we may chance to find some single passage applicable to him, the resemblance immediately ceases; personal peculiarities interrupt the claim of comparison. The character is not that of Homer or of Campbell; but of a poet—not of Cicero or Curran; but of an orator—not of Catus or Darteneuf; but of an epicure—not of Pisistratus or of Buonaparte; but of an usurper.

In the present publication we admire its modesty not less than its merit. It professes to be a republication, or rather a purified selection of such parts of a well known work, now almost obsolete, as are applicable to the circumstances of the present times; into which the author has worked up some of his own composition. The merit of the original, Earle's *Micocosmography*, is well known; it is no small proof of that of the supplement, that it is not always easy to distinguish the disciple from his master.

The characters he has selected are such as must be easily recognised, and the summary manner in which they are drawn, the rapid transities from feature to feature, together with the concise and terse terms in which they are expressed, (sometimes we confess bordering on quaintness) give no room for languor or restlessness: several of the characters are heightened by contrast. We give the following pair, not as best but as first in occurrence.

A RAW YOUNG PREACHER.

"Observe the fine neglect in the band, and the expressive crumples in the gown,—the hair in a state of insurrection, and the eyes flashing with an empty wildness;—this is an orthodox bird, not yet fledged, that has hopped out of the university nest, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever; his small stock of learning and application have made him a proficient only in self-sufficiency, out of which, and his note book, this hasty divine is furnished for a preacher.—Thus prepared, with the addition of common place politics and superficial scandal, he mounts the pulpit;—don't you think you see him pulling out a cambric handkerchief, and tucking it under the cushion? then striving to concentrate himself, and giving a solemn squint at the clerk before he begins the prayer:—the pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over the law and the prophets on his theologico-moral Pegasus;—his labour is chiefly in his lungs, and the only thing original in his composition, is his grimaces; he rails against the world in its own bombastic phrase, and inveighs against vice with a peevish zeal, which savours as much of regret as of abhorrence;—his action is all passion, and his vigour interjections;—his commendation is, that he never looks upon book, and, in truth, his exertions prove that he never was accustomed to it;—he preaches but once a-year, though you see him in the pulpit sometimes twice of a Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered; he has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new exordium;—thus he proceeds in a kind of dramatic rant, sometimes political, sometimes personal, with a view of frightening rectors into a curacy, or terrifying a bishop into a small preferment; if he can catch a stray charity sermon, every nerve is strained to make it tell:—what appeals to the sanctificence of this humane metropolis,

what plenary remission of sins for alms!—now launching out in unbridled declamations, then pausing, as if overcome by his feeling, but, in truth, to take a peep at the next head of the discourse on his paper; at times pointing to the children—at times looking at his watch, apologizing for his prolixity, yet tearing the passion to rags. Some of these men have forgotten their sermons altogether, while others, puzzled about the winding up, bury their faces in the cushion, and ejaculate an “I have done.”—But let us pass, Ladies and Gentlemen, to Number 5, to the right of the last; the subject is

A GENUINE DIVINE.

“Mark the christian expression of that countenance, touched with thinking, and tempered by humanity;—the love of his fellow-creatures beams in his eyes, and his mouth seems about to open to bless them;—all is calm and quiet in that brow,—it was never raised in scorn, nor contracted in resentment: his cheek is pale, and somewhat sunk; but it is the hue of purity, sicklied, by the arduousness of pious duty, and not the sallowness of early dissipation.—How finely has the painter suited the soberness of the drapery to the character he has delineated!—what unstudied neatness, what unpremeditated propriety, the habit of his mind, as well as of his station, that evinces that nice regulation which makes the rule, and does not follow it!—here you can detect neither trick, art, nor affectation;—he knows the burthen of his calling, and has made tributary to his purposes the treasures of divine and human learning: he addresses his hearers in the genuine spirit of apostolic earnestness, and speaks forth the words of truth and righteousness;—his discourse is substance, not rhetoric, and relying on the stores of a memory, on which the sacred records are engraved, his words flow on like a placid stream in gentle fullness, bearing on its current the rich freightage of knowledge, and reflecting in its bosom the calm heaven of faith;—his speech is not helped with enforced action, but the matter acts itself, as his devotion went with him into the pulpit, which he sought not as an income, but as a sanctuary; so it accompanies him when he quits it, nor does he leave it with his surplice in the vestry room;—it follows him wherever he goes, and is present to him in whatever he does;—what cannot suspend, nor crowded assemblies render it irksome to him,—nor does it desert him at the bed-side of the sick;—there you can discover no journeyman-like hurry, that always disgusts, and sometimes terrifies the sufferer; in simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in two bargains, and is loath to come by promotion so dear;—he is no base extortioner of his tythes,—the lawyer

is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spited for reconciling quarrels; he is a main pillar of our church, though not yet dean or canon, and his life our religion's most authentic proof;—his death is the last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, he instructs men to die by his example: in a word, he is the true protestant clergyman, who, when he performs his duties, is the most useful and dignified of all human characters.”

The raiser of the wind, the man of fashion, the prison, are all good; but we must pass them over in order to dwell a little on one interesting from a double cause, as being a good test of the republisher's claim to praise in those parts which are solely his own, and as presenting a well drawn picture, unfortunately too common at the present day.—Let the reader listen to the Irish Hovel.

AN IRISH HOVEL.

“The pencil here has, indeed, done its duty. The resemblance to reality is painfully true:—the roof, whose rottenness supports a very exuberant vegetation on its surface, is sunk upon the decaying rafters, and, in its hollows, forms reservoirs, from which the water drips upon the shivering inmates;—they have shifted their bed all round their dwelling, and have, at last fixed it in the driest spot; there, on a compost of straw and rushes, strewn upon the damp earth, and surrounded, in a kind of druidical way, with upright stones, the labourer, his wife, and their offspring, lay their limbs to rest, covered with a blanket, so thin as to require the reinforcement of the great coat, and the flannel petticoat; there is no window to this dwelling, and an aperture in the roof, aided by the door, gives vent to the pungent smoke of green branches plucked from the hedges, and wet sods pared from a neighbouring moor.—That chubby boy is as naked and as innocent as his first parents;—he is driving the rig away from some seed potatoes, the sole hope, and future support, of the household; the mother is putting a stitch in her husband's breeches, who is chiding her for her delay, as the steward will abuse him for being late at his work, for which he receives ten-pence a day;—for this hut, and the small patch of worn-out ground behind it, he pays an eighth part of his earnings, and starves upon the remainder, in tolerable harmony with his family.—The artist has not added a cow to the groupe, as that is a rare indulgence; and, when it is vouchsafed, the proprietors



are obliged to sell the butter for the grazing, and share the butter-milk with the faithful and highly esteemed sow, who co-operates maternally towards their support.—The figure in the fore-ground has great merit; it is a beggarman;—he has a wallet upon his bent back, and his grey hairs are thinly scattered over his wrinkled forehead;—he is blind,—and his lean dog has stopped instinctively at the cabin door, and seems to say to him, here you will meet with hospitality; one of the daughters is running towards him with a noggin full of stir-about. —I value this picture highly, because I know it to be an original study from nature, and I am going to have a plate engraved from it, and intend to circulate the prints amongst our country gentlemen; by having such an object continually in their view, they will, I hope, become more inclined, than they have hitherto proved themselves, to consider the lower classes as belonging to the same species as themselves, and, consequently, entitled to better accommodation than they have yet afforded them.—Many a man in this country, I blush to say, exists, and passes for a gentleman, and considers himself, by a kind of courtesy, a christian, who lodges his tenantry under sheds in which he would consider it cruel to harbour his cart horses, or his oxen.—The Irish gentry are denominated, it is hard to determine why, a humane race; for the face of Ireland is blotted with huts, compared to which, the wigwam of a Chickasaw is a comfortable dwelling; while such evidence exist, let us hear no more of melting hearts, and open hands;—such eulogy is nauseous;—facts, damning facts! contradict the praise, and render the class to which it is ascribed, if possible, more contemptible than they really are esteemed by the inhabitants:—but I beg a thousand pardons for this digression! I am turning lecturer, instead of exhibitor; but you will, I know, excuse this ebullition of Irish feeling.

In the Young Miss, the author points out with just and strong indignation, the violation of pure virgin feeling, to which every young female is forced to submit by the tyranny of fashion as the price of her admission into fashionable life. Modesty, it should be recollected by whoever is the guardian of female honor, is the great outwork of chastity; and the mother who exposes the pure bosom of a daughter to the licentious gaze of every unbartered libertine, should not re-

fuse to press it again to her own, when it has been contaminated by the pollution of his touch. It is a melancholy, a degrading, a disgusting subject for reflection; and it is no less strange than melancholy, that a custom openly censured in the reign of the licentious Charles, should walk abroad unveiled and unchecked in an age and country all whose public institutions are assuming a religious, or rather a devotional tendency. If there be societies for circulating bibles among the poor, there is no less need of one to distribute tuckers among the rich.

Among many other characters we observe one of late very common—A Lecturer—a particular species of which is depicted with much spirit, and as we are inclined to think, not without some degree of truth; however, as the experiment is now in a state of process, it is unfair to give us yet a decided opinion on it, the event must determine its success—yet we cannot help looking forward with a great degree of uneasiness for the final result, when we consider that the minds of a number of the rising generation, upon the structure of whose brains a kind of intellectual chymistry is now in progress of operation, must be the inevitable victims of its failure.—The following extract will explain what we allude to:—

“Another description of these experiments have operated, and with great success, on the human mind, and affected to have expedients for strengthening the faculties, and of rendering them considerably more executive than by any of the common processes they could have been rendered:—the figure before you represents a professor of this school,—he styles his system *rationalis*, or the art of improving the judgment;—he has published a syllabus of his lectures, has actually got a class to listen to them, and has given the result of his labours, from which I have selected a few of the leading facts, as a kind of commentary upon the

picture before you;—he divides the understanding into eight and forty triangles.—Number 1, is the Tower of Babel, and to this all the nonsense of various kinds, “from grave to gay,” may with great propriety, be referred, in which may be included, the absurdity of propping up certain faculties upon artificial crutches, and encumbering them with corks and bladders which do very well, while they continue about the shoulder, but if they happen to slip downwards, are only calculated more completely to drown you.

In the course of the work two dialogues are introduced, written in a style lively and familiar though not vulgar. The first, entitled “Finished Education,” intended to display the defects of what is sometimes called modern education, is very entertaining; but in our opinion somewhat caricatured. It also stands very much in need of a contrast, because without it those who read the dialogue will be inclined to return to the old, and deservedly exploded opinion, of the inutility of any female education whatsoever. The following passage is truly comic, and at the same time exhibits in the truest as well as the most ludicrous point of view, the gross absurdities into which vulgar ignorance is sure to fall, when it attempts to struggle out of its own muddy atmosphere, and assume the high flown airs of birth and fashion.

“*Mrs. H.* Not play the accompaniment! I’ll try to accompany you.—(*Plays.*)—This instrument is greatly out of tune.

“*Mrs. F.* Indeed,—that’s strange.—I had it tuned six weeks ago, and the man assured

me, it would keep in tune;—he charged me half a guinea.—It is quite unaccountable.

“*Mrs. H.* Not at all singular,—the late variations of the weather are sufficient to account for it.

“*Mrs. F.* Oh, that’s impossible,—for the moment Albina has finished her lesson, I lock up the *piano*, and the key never leaves my pocket until she goes to it again.”

The second is an exhibition of a blue stocking equally comical, but perhaps equally caricatured. We do not however speak decidedly as to this: for it is impossible to say, unless from actual observation, to what a height of ridiculous absurdity ignorance may elevate itself when mounted on the stilts of pedantry.

We have noticed but a few of the characters here exhibited, for the volume, though small in bulk, is large in substance. It terminates with a promise which we shall be glad to see fulfilled; and, to speak in the allegorical language adopted by the writer himself, if in his subsequent exhibition of *originals* the painter extends his thoughts to general views, in place of limiting them to particular prospects; if he gives a series of historical painting of the human mind, instead of portraits resembling individuals only; and if the whole be executed with the same spirit and fidelity as is displayed in those already before the public; we shall not scruple to allot him a place among the great masters in the school of intellectual figure painting.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ON THE REQUISITES NECESSARY TO ACQUIRE A GOOD TASTE IN PAINTING.

NONE of the polite arts have so many admirers as painting.—In others, a previous course of study or turn of mind, naturally inclined to the subject, is deemed

necessary; but every one thinks himself entitled to judge of a picture. Yet, when we reflect on the many qualifications requisite to form a painter, that a life of study

must second superior natural endowments, and that these endowments and these studies must be peculiarly exerted not only on the mechanical but the theoretical parts of the art; it must be equally true, that to judge of the effects produced by such a combination of toil and talent, requires a mind trained to the subject, alive to the excellencies of the art, and sensible of the difficulties a painter has to contend against; together with a scope of information that extends not only to the science of painting itself, but to all those departments of taste and knowledge that must be at one time or other employed by the artist in the invention and composition of his design.

To acquire a well founded taste for painting, the following may be laid down as essential requisites; without which, it is scarcely possible to discern the real perfections of a picture.

One requisite, is a familiar acquaintance with history, and more particularly that of the sacred writings. The substance of many of the most admired works of the great masters are derived from this source. In a country where the light of christianity is supposed to shine with peculiar lustre, it may by many be thought unnecessary, and even impertinent, to recommend the perusal of the sacred volume. Nay, some may go farther, and attribute a degree of profaneness to the person who recommends it from other causes than that of enlightening the mind and purifying the heart. But it appears to me that its perusal, let it originate in what motive it may, cannot be injurious to the minds of those who read it with attention; and as to the inutility of the recommendation arising from an idea, that a knowledge of its con-

tents is universally diffused, at least among the higher ranks, the following anecdote will afford the reader the best means of regulating his opinion:—

‘At a public sale of pictures, where a few professed connoisseurs were busily examining the paintings, and were loudly profuse of their observations; two fine pieces of scripture history particularly attracted their attention: one was St. Peter paying the tribute money; the other, the same apostle walking on the water.—No commendation of the paintings was spared by the connoisseurs; but after questioning one another as to what the subjects might be, without being able to determine it, one of them openly declared, that, if they knew but the history, the pictures would appear excellent.’ Yet these gentlemen were persons of considerable fortune, had received a liberal education, and, had not their ignorance of the sacred history so shamefully exposed their deficiency in what ought to be a principal branch of the education of a gentleman, none but their intimates would have suspected them to be so shamefully ignorant of what it becomes every one to know.

To the study of sacred history, must be added that of the most remarkable periods of Grecian and Roman story; but on this part it is unnecessary to dwell, as total ignorance of it is deemed inexcusable in any one who assumes the character of a gentleman; one portion of profane history, however, which until lately was much neglected, demands particular attention, as without it, many of the works of the greatest masters will be wholly unintelligible; that is the history of the period in which science and literature began to revive after the destruction of the

Roman empire by the northern nations. This was the period in which several of the painters lived whose works are objects of interest, if not of admiration, and to record the transactions of which many of their successors devoted the labours of their pencil.

By a general acquaintance with the course of history here mentioned, both sacred and profane, including not merely the series of events, but embracing also an investigation into the manners and habits of society, characters of the principal actors in the great scenes there exhibited, and the modes of fashion, or to use a technical phrase, the costume of the times, an admirer of painting may qualify himself to fix on the particular action represented by any artist, even at first sight; be enabled to judge whether the passion and expression be just; whether the costume be properly observed; and the incidents properly introduced.

Some knowledge of drawing and anatomy is also necessary, that the connoisseur may form a correct judgment of the swell and depression of the muscles in different actions and attitudes; of the true proportions of the limbs and extremities of the figures; of the elegance of the contours; whether the figures are justly balanced in what attitude soever they are placed; that so he may readily discern whether the artist has succeeded happily in his imitation of nature; and if not, in what respect his execution is defective.

Another requisite, still more essential and of more general use than the former, is the study of nature. Philopœmen, the celebrated Achaian general, is said to have made himself master of his science, by carefully observing, when ever he walked abroad, the cha-

racter of the country; noticing its military positions, revolving within himself, how the line of march or order of battle should change with the variation of the country; arrange in his own mind the several modes of attack or defence to be adopted in case the enemy should present itself in front, on the flank, in the rear, in numbers, or in detached parties; till by repeated combination of imaginary manœuvres, his judgment was prepared to decide at the instant every circumstance incidental to real service. So should the connoisseur, by a minute and persevering observance of the innumerable and ever-varying shades presented to the eye both in animated and inanimate nature, retain impressed upon his memory, beautiful and exact images of every object that can enter into a composition; and to have accustomed the eye to distinguish what is gracefully natural, not only in the human form, but in trees, rocks, rivers, animals, as also in those momentary alterations of light and shade, which agreeably diversify the face of nature.

But the principal of all studies, without which all others are of no avail, is that of the works of the most famous artists; to observe them with so sagacious an attention as to discover their manner of pencilling, the force or delicacy of their touch, as well as their style of invention or composition; for every eminent artist has his peculiarities in composition, expression and design, as well as colouring, which, when carefully noticed, will distinguish him from others, whether superior or inferior to him in merit.

It is only by a frequent and studious inspection into the excellencies of artists of the first rank that a true taste can be established;

for, by being attentively conversant with the elevated ideas of others, our own imperceptibly become refined. We gradually feel a disgust at what is mean and vulgar, and learn to admire only what is justly entitled to our commendation. It is scarcely possible that a judicious reader, who has diligently studied the beauties of Milton, Shakspeare, and other writers, can descend to be delighted with compositions that are comparatively indifferent, although such compositions may have, in particular parts, a certain degree of merit. A polished pebble may be mistaken for a diamond by one who has not sufficiently attended to the lustre of that gem; but a critical eye will readily determine between the glitter of the one and the inimitable brilliancy of the other. Till, therefore, a lover of painting arrives at such a degree of judgment and taste, as renders him incapable of being pleased with what is indifferent, he may conclude that his taste and judgment are still in a state of pupillage.

The necessity of this strict and unwearied scrutiny, into the works that have been stamped with the seal of universal approbation, can not be more strongly enforced than by the following anecdote, related by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a man equally capable of laying down the correct and solid rules of art, and of illustrating them by examples taken from himself:—"When at Rome," says he, "where I went like most others of my profession, in quest of those excellencies that are no where else to be met with, I was much disappointed at the first sight of the works of Raffaele in the Vatican, and much mortified to find that I had not only conceived wrong notions respecting that great man, but was even incapable of

"relishing the real excellencies of his most celebrated productions; but, by copying and viewing them over again and again, and even affecting to admire them more than I really did, a new taste and new perceptions began to rise within me. I was convinced that I had originally conceived a false idea of the perfections of the art; and, since that time, having frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour, and unwearied attention."

By being familiarly conversant with the works of the best masters, not only the taste of an admirer of the arts will be effectually established, but his judgment proportionably enlarged and confirmed.—He will learn accurately to distinguish the ideas peculiar to each, whether in respect of the invention or composition; he will be instructed to know one master by the airs of the head or the attitudes; another by the dignity or grace of his figures; another, by a remarkable strength of muscle; and others by their elegance, simplicity, or astonishing management of the *Chiaro-scuro*.

By examining the colouring and pencilling of different artists, he will discover what constitutes the manner peculiar to each, and qualify himself to judge with precision. He will perceive, that almost every artist is remarkable for some one predominant tint of colouring; he will observe that in some the yellow predominates, in others the brown, the violet, and the green; in some the black, as in Caravaggio, Spagnoletto, Manfredi, and Valentino; in some a

paleness, as in Vouet and Nicolo Poussin; the purple in Bassans; and in Titian, the grey. By a nice observation of these particulars, confirmed by a competent skill in the style of each master's composition, a judicious student will, without much difficulty, qualify himself to judge with accuracy of the hands, as well as of the merits, of the different masters.

Such are the principal requisites; without a competent knowledge of which, whoever pretends to the character of a critic or collector, must expose himself to ridicule and censure; and in proportion to the extent of his attention to them, will be his success in establishing

his right to the title of taste in this most elegant of arts.

It is an additional encouragement to any one who wishes to engage in this pursuit, that most, if not all, the requisites here enumerated, are equally wanting to complete the circle of qualifications necessary to attain a distinguished rank in polished society; and that the better acquainted he is with each of these, the better will he be enabled not only to attain a high degree of eminence in his favourite pursuit, but to maintain with credit the most desirable of all characters, that of a finished gentleman.

(For the *Monthly Museum*.)

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN GERMANY.

[Translated from the French of Madame de Stael.]

The Germans can form correct conceptions of the fine arts; they fail in reducing them to practice: an impression is scarcely felt by them before it gives rise to a crowd of ideas. They talk much of mystery, but it is for the purpose of revealing it: if originality of any kind whatever displays itself in Germany, every one is ready to point out the sources whence it is derived; this is a great inconvenience, especially in the arts, all whose effects arise from the feelings; they are analyzed before they are felt, and it is then in vain to say that we should renounce the analysis—the fruit of the tree of knowledge has been tasted, and the innocence of talent is lost.

It is, however, by no means my intention to recommend, with respect to the arts, the ignorance I

have ever condemned in literature; but a distinction must be observed between the studies necessary for practice, and those whose sole object is the theory of talent; these, when carried too far, stifle invention: the remembrance of all that has been said on every masterpiece disturbs us; we fancy that there is between us and the object we would describe a multitude of treatises on painting and sculpture, on ideal and actual beauty; the artist no longer converses with nature by herself. The encouragement of talent is undoubtedly the object of these treatises; but genius is wearied by too frequent excess of encouragement, as it is quenched by too much excess of restraint. Whatever relates to the imagination, requires such a happy combination of obstacles

and facilities that ages may elapse, before the exact point is attained, in which the mind of man can exert all its vigour.

Before the reformation, the Germans had a school of painting not unworthy of Italy. Albert Durer, Lucas Cranach, Holbein, have a strong resemblance in their style of painting to Raphael's predecessors, Perugino, Andre Mantegna, &c.

Albert Durer was born at Nuremberg, in the year 1470, and died at the age of 57. As a painter, his principal merit lay in his colouring, in which he as far exceeded Raphael, in oil colouring, as he was inferior in other respects. In the design and composition of his pictures, he was more a copyist than an inventor. This drapery is angular, though broad, and appears rather broken than folded. His style, notwithstanding these defects, has been imitated by some Tuscan artists, who had opportunities of studying Michelangiolo.

Lucas Cranach, a native of a town in the bishopric of Bamberg, was much caressed by the elector of Saxony, and esteemed one of the first painters of his age. His manner of designing was entirely gothic and his composition irregular; his heads displayed care and pains; but the extremities are often badly drawn and ill proportioned. He was born in 1470 and died in 1553, aged 83.

John, or Hans Holbein, was born at Basle, anno 1498, and died in 1554. He was recommended by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, and obtained such reputation by his paintings, that Henry the 8th took him into his service and retained him till his death. His merit was such as to induce his admirers to compare him with Raphael and Titian in portraits, and with the best of Raphael's disciples in composition. His most celebrated

work is the Dance of Death; a set of engravings, from which, with explanations, has been some time published in London, and is well worth the notice of those who admire subjects of this kind. Many of his genuine works are to be seen in England; they are easily distinguishable by the true, round, lively imitation of flesh, visible in all his portraits, and by the amazing delicacy of his finishing.

Pietro Vanucci, called Perugino, was born at Perugia, in 1446, and raised himself, from a very low rank of life, to eminence and wealth, by his talents and unwearyed industry. He spent not only the day, but the greatest part of the night in study; and for several months had no other bed than a large chest.

His heads, particularly of females, had a graceful air; his pencil is light, and his pictures highly finished; but his manner was dry and stiff, and his outline often incorrect. His best work is an Ascension of Christ, in the Church of St. Peter, at Perugia.—But he is most celebrated as the instructor of the celebrated Raffaello Sanzio.

Andrea Mantegna, born at Padua, of obscure parents, in 1431, became also one of the most celebrated painters of his day. His principal piece, a votive picture, dedicated to the Virgin, for a victory, is his masterpiece. He is also worthy of notice for having much improved the science of foreshortening, and what the Italians call *'del sotto en su,'* or the representation of the appearance of objects on a ceiling or cupola, from below.

Raffaello Sanzio, da Urbino, more generally known by the name of Raphael, was born at Urbino, in 1483. He is indisputably considered as the first of ma-

dern painters, combining in his works the excellencies of various kinds; each of which, separately taken, have sufficed to give celebrity to the name of other masters. Our opinion of his wonderful powers must be much heightened, when we know that he died at the early age of 37.

Holbein approaches more nearly to Lionardo da Vince; there is, however, in general, a greater degree of harshness in the German School; but not less expression and interest in the countenances. The painters of the fifteenth century knew little of the resources of art; but an affecting fidelity and modesty were visible in their works: they discover no ambitious desire of producing an effect; they produce only that internal emotion, for which all men of genius endeavour to invent a language, in order that they may not die without having communicated their soul to their countrymen.

In the pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the folds of the drapery are all strait, the head dresses somewhat stiff, the attitudes extremely simple; yet there is something in the expression of the figures which we can never view but with new pleasure. The paintings, inspired by religion, produce an impression similar to that excited by the combined effects of poetry and religion in the psalms.

The second and most illustrious era of painting, was that in which painters combined the air of truth, which was the prevailing characteristic of the middle age, to all the splendor of art: the Germans have nothing correspondent to the age of Leo the Xth. From the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, the fine arts fell into a general decay;

taste had degenerated into affectation. Winkelman then exerted his greatest influence, not only over his own country, but the rest of Europe; his writings turned the thoughts of all artists to the study of the monuments of antiquity.—Sculpture was much better known than painting: the consequence was, that painters exhibited coloured statues rather than an expression of living nature. Yet painting loses the greatest portion of its charms, when it intrudes too far into the precincts of sculpture; the illusion essential to the one, is directly opposite to the fixed and determined forms of the other. When painters form their taste solely from the study of the beauties of antiquity, that can be learned from statues only; they subject themselves to the fault imputed to the classical literature of the moderns; they do not derive the effects of art from self-inspired genius.

The German painter, Mengs, in his writings on the art, has shewn a philosophic mind, though he united with his friend, Winkelman, in his admiration of antiquity; he has often avoided the faults that can be detected in those painters, who form themselves by the writings of Winkelman, and whose chief desire seems to have been the servile imitation of the ancient masterpieces. Mengs proposed Correggio also for a model; a painter, who, of all others, avoided the imitation of sculpture, and whose *clair obscur* recalls to our minds the undetermined and delicious impressions of music.

Lionardo da Vinci, a Florentine, was born in 1445; he was descended from a noble family, and had an education equal to his birth. The following masterly sketch of his character will best convey an idea of his merits: it is to be re-



gretted that other great masters have not met with commentators equally capable of describing their merits. "Lionardi da Vinci broke forth with a splendor which eclipsed all his predecessors; made up of all the elements of genius—favoured by form, education, and circumstances—all eye, all ear, all grasp—painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinest, musician, philosopher, and sometimes *empiric*; he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed each in turn. Fitter to scatter hints than to teach by example, he wasted life in experiment. To a capacity which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy, that at one moment lent him wings for the pursuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity. We owe to him *claroscuro*—with all its magic, but character was his favourite study; character he has often raised from an individual to a species, and as often depressed to a monster from an individual. His notion of the most elaborate finish, and his want of perseverance, were at least equal. Want of perseverance alone could have made him abandon his cartoon, designed for the great council chamber at Florence, of which the celebrated contest of horsemen was but one group:—for to him who could organise that composition, Michelangiolo himself might be an object of emulation, but not of fear. His outline was free from meagerness, and his outline presented beauties; but he appears nerer to have been much acquainted, or to have sedulously sought much acquaintance with the antique. The strength of his conception lay in

the delineation of male heads:—those of his females owe most of their beauty to *claroscuro*. They are seldom more discriminated than the children they fondle;—they are sisters of one family.

Antonio Raphael Mengs, an artist of the German School, was born at Auzig, in Bohemia, in 1728. After studying at Rome, he was appointed painter to Augustus III. elector of Saxony, and king of Poland. But by the subjection of Saxony, he lost his pension, and subsisted solely by his painting at Rome, where he acquired a high reputation. He was afterwards appointed chief painter to Charles III. of Spain, with liberty of studying at his favourite residence, Rome; but the loss of his wife cast a cloud over all his declining days. The celebrity acquired by his paintings has been augmented by his writings; no book is more capable of elevating the mind of an artist, and inspiring him with a sublime idea of his profession.

Antonio Allegri, called Coreggio, from the place of his birth, was born in 1494. He was considered as one of the great luminaries of the art at its supreme establishment in the 16th century.—He established harmony in light and shade: to this every other part of the art was subordinate. He is also celebrated for his skill in foreshortenings.

The opinions of Winkelman had been almost universally adopted by the German artists, till the influence of the new school of literature had extended itself to the Fine Arts. Goethe, whose universal genius displays itself in every department, has proved by his writings, that he understood the true genius of painting better than Winkelman; convinced, like him, that the subjects derived from

Christianity are not suitable to the art, he endeavours to revive the taste for mythology: but such an attempt must fail; perhaps, as far as relates to the Fine Arts, we can be neither Christians nor Pagans, but if ever a creative imagination revive, it will certainly never testify its existence by an imitation of the ancients.

The new school maintains the same system in the Fine Arts as in Literature, and boldly asserts, that Christianity is the source of modern genius. The writers of this School speak in new terms of such parts of Gothic architecture as accords with the religious sentiments of Christians. It does not follow, that Christians can or ought to build Gothic churches; neither art or nature ever repeat themselves; but it is necessary, in the present failure of talent, to remove the contempt that has been thrown upon all the ideas of the middle age; for though they are not to be adopted now, nothing is so injurious to the developement of genius, as to treat as barbarous that which testifies originality.

I have already remarked, when speaking of Germany, that there are but few fine modern edifices;

scarcely any thing is to be seen in the north but Gothic monuments, and nature and poetry powerfully second the impressions which these monuments produce. Görrer, a German writer, has given an interesting description of an ancient Church:—"We see there," says he, "figures of knights with joined hands kneeling; on the tombs above, are suspended some uncommon Asiatic curiosities, placed there like a kind of dumb evidence, to bear testimony of the pilgrimage of the deceased to the Holy Land.—The gloomy arches of the church cover with their shadows those who repose beneath them. We might fancy ourselves in the midst of a forest, whose leaves and branches had been petrified by death, so that they can vibrate or move no longer; when ages, like the night winds, are swallowed up beneath their extended vaults. The organ pours its majestic tones through the church: inscriptions, in letters of brass, half consumed, by the moist vapour of time, give a confused indication of the great actions now looked upon as fable, though they had long borne all the proofs of reality.

(To be continued.)

ADDRESS

Of the MANAGERS and VISITORS of the BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, to the PROPRIETORS, &c. on opening the Schools.

ON the 1st of February, the day appointed for opening the Schools of the Institution, the general interest excited by an event so long and so anxiously expected, drew together a larger concourse of people than usually attend public meetings, even when concerned on subjects of high importance. The meeting was held in one of the great rooms of the Institution: After the usual routine of business, which, from the general uniformity of such pro-

ceedings, it is unnecessary to notice here, the following address was read—an address equally honourable to the Gentlemen of the Boards, by whom it had been adopted, as indicative of the sound understanding, pure taste, and public spirit, in whatever regards the best interests of his country in the person by whom it was composed.

MY LORD, AND GENTLEMEN,

ON the opening of the Belfast Academical Institution, the joint Boards of Managers and Visitors, in whom the directing

and superintendence of the Establishment are placed by law, have thought themselves under an obligation of office, to describe, in an address, the object and designs of those who first conceived this plan of popular education; and also to define the duties incumbent upon the Professors and Teachers, who are to carry the plan into execution, and put speculation to the test of experience.

The object of the Academical Institution, was, and is, shortly and simply, this.—To diffuse as widely as possible, throughout the province and population of Ulster, the benefits of education, both useful and liberal; and, by that means to prevent the hard and disgraceful necessity, in such a great and prosperous community, of sending their children to seek, in other countries, with much risque to their health and morals, for that instruction, and those literary qualifications and honours, which might be equally well attained at home, with evident advantage to the public interest, as well as to that of individuals.

Assuredly, my Lord, and Gentlemen, in a general view of this subject, if we wish to make the next generation wiser and better than the present, which ought to be the desire of even the best among us, no means appears more conducive to this praiseworthy and patriotic purpose, than the establishment of such societies of liberal and ingenious men, uniting their labours, without regard to nation, sect, or party, in one grand pursuit, alike interesting to all, by which mutual prejudices may be worn off, a humane and truly philosophic spirit may be cherished in the heart as well as the head, in practice as well as theory; the happy result of which must be, that the youth intrusted to their care, will be stimulated by the imitation and example of their teachers, as well as by their own generous emulation, in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the practice of virtue.

The general improvement and ultimate perfection, in the plans and practice of education, must in a great degree, be brought about by the efforts of individuals: zealous and active individuals, persevering, and ever indefatigable in working out an object which they know to be of public utility. Those who set out with a strong and powerful will, seldom fail to make way through every obstacle, to the performance. Nor is it at all necessary, that such individuals should, in an undertaking like the present, be philosophers, or literary men, or of great science or erudition; nay, on the contrary, it may be rather expected that such men will be liberated, or as it were, enfranchised from those defects, or those incumbrances, so common in ancient foun-

dations of colleges; where, although time may be said to have altered the use of things, yet a blind affection will not yet suffer it to be said that such institutions can ever degenerate.

Individuals, then, like those who originated the present Institution, neither grave Doctors, nor learned Masters, nor chained to college Precedents, as books are to their shelves; nor grown old in the habits of exclusions and restrictions, religious or professional, such individuals are, perhaps, likely to look into arts and sciences more at large; to estimate them more thoroughly, according to their real and relative value, and to bring them more home to the business and practice of daily life.

Not that we would wish to depreciate or disparage those venerable establishments, consecrated by time, and illustrious by the luminaries which have adorned, and do still adorn them, the more luminous, perhaps, by shining in the dark; but all that we mean to say, is, that the Directors of this Institution have pointed their attention, not so much to copy the inalterable university codes, as to make the benefits of practical education pervade all ranks of life, and to improve their plan, yearly, or monthly, according to the increasing intelligence of the times, and the suggestions of the teachers employed, dictated, as we will suppose them to be, by that best of masters, Experience. Change, we know, is not always improvement, nor innovation, reform; but we must, at the same time, declare, we know not one of the departments of human life, that, after all which has been written and spoken upon the subject, is more susceptible of ameliorating change, than the business of Education, the blessed art of unfolding and perfecting the faculties and natural dispositions of Man, physical, moral, and scientific.

Six years have elapsed since the first subscriptions were made, for the erection of an Edifice to answer those purposes, which we flatter ourselves are now in a train of accomplishment. Although the proposal was entertained by our best Patrons, the Public, with kindness, and even with cordiality, it cannot be dissembled, that it has been through many difficulties, much anxiety, and occasional despondence, the Managers have advanced thus far in their honest undertaking.—But thus far they have advanced; and wishing to forget obstacles which have been overcome, they press forward to their ultimate object, with a reasonable confidence of success. They do rejoice, that, on this day, they can show to the Public, and their noble Patrons, a handsome and well-finished building, adapted to the uses for which it is intended, having six spacious

rooms, with a house for the Classical Master, (on whom the future credit of this Establishment will so materially depend;) and another house for the English Master, with every accommodation for a considerable number of boarders: the whole Establishment, for study or exercise, in an airy and healthy situation; cheerful in its aspect; not sad and sequestered in the gloom of the cloister; with a prospect, in front, of a fair and flourishing town, uninfected, as we would hope, with the polluted air, or the contagious vices of a metropolis; and backed by a sublime and thought-inspiring mountain; for it is these grand features of nature, rather than the machinery of art, which ought to enlarge the soul, and dilate the affections in its earliest, and sweetest, and most lasting associations.

The Directors of this Institution (in whom both Managers and Visitors are included,) have done much, and yet have sanguine prospects of doing more. They indulge the hope, that the munificence of the Public, and the generosity of opulent individuals, will, in the course of some years, enable them to complete, in all its parts, the original plan of the Academical Institution; and that their noble President, the Marquis of Donegall, who laid the first stone in the foundation, will also have the opportunity of laying the last in the finished superstructure, "an honour, which they are persuaded, will not follow him reluctant in receiving it."

The Directors wish for the countenance of government; they wish for Parliamentary encouragement; but while they solicit themselves in the friendship and influence of powerful Patrons, (among whom they wish, particularly, most respectfully, and affectionately, to mention the Marquis of Downshire,) they still rest their best hopes upon the interest they hold in the public opinion. Attracted from time to time, and then repelled by the great conductors of the state; now soothed by courtesy, and then damped by disappointment, they will not desert from their endeavours to obtain a Parliamentary grant: but their chief confidence is in the discernment of this Town, and this Province, with regard to its true interest. They do not scruple to acknowledge, that their local, and even their personal interests are concerned in the success of the Belfast Academical Institution; but their interests are, in the present case, closely, and, they trust, indissolubly connected with the good of the Public; and, if a single instance be adduced, in which, for these six years past, they have sacrificed that good to their private advantage, they will be content to forfeit all their pretensions to public esteem or confidence.

Their object is higher, and their ambition greater, than to form two or three schools, in a fine building, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Belfast only, and its immediate neighbourhood; they wish, in the course of some time, to supply to the youth of this Province, and this Country, the advantages of a complete course of Education, and they doubt not that the liberality of many public bodies, as well as individuals, will supply a fund for the endowment of different Professors, until the justice of Parliament will extend the same encouragement to literature in the North, as it has already done in the South of Ireland.

The primary purpose, then, of the Belfast Academical Institution, is, to make learning as popular as the Directors can possibly render it, to diffuse useful knowledge, particularly among the middling orders of society, as one of the necessities, rather than of the luxuries of life; not to have a good education, the portion only of the rich and the noble, but as a patrimony of the whole people. The pride of Philosophy, has, at all times, endeavoured to cover knowledge with a dark and mysterious veil, to secrete it from the bulk of mankind, and to make use of it for the purposes of a craft, rather than for the service of the community. We would tear down this veil from the top to the very bottom. Education has always appeared to us to be made more an initiation into professional mysteries, than an initiation into moral and intellectual manhood. We would then tear down that veil of prejudice, that makes one knowledge for the learned, and another for the vulgar; and we would fully display before the whole people, the divine image of Education, encircled by her three children, Knowledge, Power, and Virtue; for Virtue is as nearly related to Knowledge, as Knowledge is to Power. This then is our intention; that the gates of this Seminary should be easily opened; that the rates of tuition, and of boarding, should be as low as they possibly could be made, under the circumstances of the times; and that even students should be admitted gratuitously, on the recommendation of liberal subscribers.

The Directors, in their choice of Masters, and in their admission of Scholars, are perfectly unbiassed by religious distinctions. They have sought for teachers, either in this, or the other kingdom, wherever best recommended by their merits and experience in their professional departments, and by their morals and manners in their personal characters.

[To be concluded in our next.]

(FOR THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.)

THE ANCHORITE.—No. II.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

" — That fair troop thou saw'st, that seemed
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so sinless, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste,
* * * *, to sing, to dance
To dress, to trill the tongue and roll the eye."

Milton's Par. Lost, XI.

THOUGH the women in these countries have no apparent share in the government, yet will I be bold enough to advance an assertion, that, upon their influence depend the manner, happiness and prosperity of this nation. I shall put out of the question our obligations to them for our birth and the increase of *population*: and merely consider their influence on the temper and education of men. The impressions which we receive on our first entrance into the world are likely to be the most permanent, as we then have neither reason to reject what is pernicious, nor experience to direct our choice. We swallow implicitly the good and the bad:—the traces of which, like footsteps on snow, rarely vanish but with our existence. Our infancy is committed to the care of females, and we imbibe our tempers with our mother's milk; the first rudiments of our education we receive in the nursery, and thence we derive the prejudices of our maturer years. Such being the case, it becomes a matter of importance, to enquire, with what qualifications of temper and education, women in general, undertake the most sacred duties of social life; and whether that species of instruction they receive be calcu-

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lated to render them capable of forming the morals of their children, or of promoting the domestic happiness of their families. For this purpose, I shall analyse their dispositions and their propensities to virtue and vice. I am "old, cold and withered," passed the dancing and romancing days of love by some lustres; and therefore may lay down my premises without favor or affection. Few ladies, I am certain, would solicit the admiration of a recluse;—but all may be offended at the bluntness of a satyr; I run the hazard of much obloquy from those "tongue-doughty warriors;" but let the whole host of misses, gallants, mammas, and boarding-school mistresses rail,—I care not.—The clamour will have lost its force before it reaches the echoes of my retirement.

Hold up your hands to the bar, ladies! I will call over the muster-roll of your virtues and defects.—If I dwell longer on the dark side, it is because the splendor of the other is too strong for my old sight, and that I wish sincerely to furbish off the blemishes of a faulty education. To begin then with the more amiable prospect:—Woman is, by nature, gentle, modest and merciful; full of chastity

Qq

and long suffering; abhorring wars, conspiracies, and treachery; submissive to the government in church and state: she is faithful, constant and affectionate; more steady, where she really loves, than man; more prompt and quick-witted in emergencies; more aspiring in adversity; in sorrow more consoling, and in sickness an angel of goodness, smoothing the asperity of our pain and ill temper: in short, as my old friend Maister Thomas Occleve* sayeth—woman is,

“Next Godde, the beste frende that to man belongeth;

The key of mercie by her girdle hongeth.”

But reverse the medal—woman is weak! and thence, without proper cultivation, her very virtues degenerate into their opposite extremes. Her gentleness and mercy become cruelty and sloth; her constancy declines into perverseness; her religion into enthusiastic bigotry; her wit into cunning; her amiable domestic qualities give place to forwardness, discontent, and petulance; besides she is gifted with a restless curiosity; a love of finery; a coquetish humour and a volubility of tongue, not to be satisfied with the ordinary occurrences of life; which must, therefore, draw largely on the invention for tales, anecdotes, and *innuendoes* of slander; magnifying and distorting the simplest transactions to the hideous shape of that “*monstreux idéal*,” which has no existence but in their own imaginations. Let me add, with regret, that an enraged woman is the most vindictive animal in creation. I might enlarge the scale of virtues and vices, but the present schedule may suffice. It now remains to enquire what sort of education women receive, and what

effect it is likely to have in confirming the virtues, eradicating the vices, and adorning the soul, with those useful and elegant accomplishments, which are the blessings of domestic life, and render home the heaven of human enjoyment.

From the lavish indulgence of home, little Miss, yet simple and innocent, is precipitated into the chilling atmosphere of a boarding-school; where she can acquire notice, not by any amiable qualities, but by her skill and assiduity in the practise of the little female arts of dress and coquetry.—Here she is imperfectly instructed to write an unintelligible, Italian scrawl, which is politely termed a *genteel hand*. Arithmetic is a vulgar art, fit only for *trade's people's* clerks. 'Tis much more elegant to mouth a dissonance of French, without grammar, idiom or proper pronunciation. The dancing master, next claims, and occupies the attention of our growing belle; and the care of improving the faculties of the head, is transferred to meliorate the slippancy of the heel. To this succeeds the labours of the piano forte; the young proficient can strum, with tolerable fluency, a few waltzes, jigs, and roudos, and may, with uncommon assiduity, compass the “Battle of Prague!”—but improvement, beyond that, has lost its power, and 'twere as vain an attempt to brighten a sun-beam as to add one minor charm to that climax of musical perfection. In the mean time, drawing and ornamental needle-work obtain some notice; though, from ladies so educated, I have seldom seen an original production of their pencil copied from nature, or a shirt or nightcap from their needle, worked for their husbands. But now come the more important branches of boarding-school edu-

* Occleve was the pupil of Chaucer, and flourished in the reign of Henry IV. and his successor.

cation.—The accomplished female is *prudently* initiated into all the arcana of the sex, by a due course of novel-reading—whereby her notions are infinitely exalted above the grovelling duties of social life, to a sublime conception of all that pathetic, romantic, heroic, and what not? here she learns to appreciate the full force of smiles, dimples, tears, swoons, languishing glances, and interesting weakness. Her natural love of chit-chat and scandal is wonderfully refined by the dramatic details of Miss Burney, and her taste for sympathetic letter-writing fully indulged by the epistolary sensibility of *Clarissa Harlowe*. Oh! spirit of *Cervantes*! that thy barber and curate were now living, to try by the test of fire those corrupting productions! then would the pernicious nonsense of *Helen Maria Williams*, and other fair authors blaze as a sacrifice to public virtue; while taste and utility should rejoice in the instructive wit of their darling *Maria Edgeworth*.

But the fine lady is not yet perfect. She must exhaust the cornucopia of fashion, in the selection of dress; first having tortured her body and ruined her health, by compressing herself in stays, 'till she "*is not an eagle's talon in the waist*." Then is invention strained in adapting to her complexion, ribbands, lace, and jewels; in composing and moulding her figure, still shivering under the elegant nudity of drapery, and in contrivances to expend, on fashionable gew-gaws, an annual sum which might support a temperate family. These extravagancies did not escape that sage astrologer, Mr. Wm. Burton,*

who wittily remarks, that, " 'tis with women as with rich-furred conies, their cases are far better than their bodies; and like the bark of a cinnamon-tree, which is dearer than the whole bulk, their outward accoutrements are far more precious than their inward endowments;—for,

*Auferimur cultu et gemmis, auroque teguntur
Omnia; pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*"

With this or a similar fund of information is the young female withdrawn from school, and introduced into polite society as an accomplished lady—thus prepared she is to undertake the important duties of matrimony, to preside over her domestic œconomy, to be the beloved and rational companion of her husband, the fond and prudent mother of her children, the guide of their youth, and the pattern for their morals!! Such a system of education, as I have described, so far from purifying the mind from its defects, is calculated not only to introduce innumerable evils, but also to assist its natural weakness in subverting every tendency to virtue: it puts an effectual stop to amendment; as it adds the pride of self-sufficiency to the emptiness of ignorance. This, surely, cannot be a rational scheme of happiness, unless we conclude with the poet, that "ignorance is bliss." But as I have already occupied too much room, I must defer to some future Number, my remaining observations on the present mode of "Female Education," when I shall frankly propose my ideas in what manner a young lady *should* be instructed, so as to fulfil with elegance and propriety, the va-

* Vide Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; in the Book which treats of

Heroic Love-Melancholy. The whole treatise is very entertaining.

rious duties of daughter, sister, wife, mother, and even of a fashionable woman. I shall just hint for the present, that all this may be accomplished by a private education under their parental roof. —But, of all domestic plagues,

whip me the pert boarding-school miss, who has learned just music enough to be troublesome; French enough to be impertinent, and Romance sufficient to be ridiculous.

† THE ANCHORITE.

ON THE ART OF MEMORY.

[The following Essay was read before the Manchester Philosophical Society in January, 1811, immediately after the close of Monsieur Gregory Von Feinagle's Lectures on the Art of Memory, (who was present):—]

MEMORY is to the old man what anticipation is to the young; it places him where he would be; and feasts his imagination on nature's best gifts; it imparts to the withered countenance a glow of animation; it directs the mind as sight directs the body. If there be no memory there is no judgment; the absence of memory is idiotism. But memory is not characteristic of man, brutes possess and enjoy the faculty. A dog set at liberty seeks his master, it therefore must remember him. A flock of rooks are guarded by a centinel; they must recollect past dangers, and anticipate some in future. Anticipation arises out of memory. But I am not designing to degrade man by thus speaking of animals. The memory of man is connected with his judgment; the memory of brutes with their passions. Memory in man lessens his passions, because his judgment corrects them; but memory in brutes heightens theirs. Animals are trained and domesticated by the connection between memory and passion; a vicious horse throws a timid rider, but carries the person it fears. It would be an easy and pleasant task to trace the difference between the operation in man and in animals, but more important considerations are before us.

The memory of man, like his senses, is capable of improvement, its capacity may be so enlarged as to embrace a multitude of subjects, and to hold the particulars of each at command; indeed the great business of education in our early years is to correct the disposition and improve the memory. Dr. Priestley seems to have been of opinion, that the memory may be improved up to the age of 40; after that period, he says, "if we gain one fact we lose the recollection of another." How far it is desirable to pay particular attention to the cultivation of the memory, when the years of childhood are past, is a subject worthy of consideration, but which has not met with proportionate attention. Before the art of writing was invented, a good memory was of inestimably greater importance, and held in higher honour, than at the present day.—The persons of the British bards were sacred, because to them were committed the archives of their country, and the depository was their memory; there they stored the history of their nation, and made use of poetry as their system of mnemonics. The Egyptian priests, for the same purpose made use of hieroglyphics, the art of which they taught the Jews, who practised it in their journey through

the wilderness. Some rude nations assist their memories by forming mounds of earth, and heaping together masses of stone; others by cutting notches in trees, or by strings of shells, or seeds of plants; every age is desirous that its deeds shall not be forgotten, and if the art of writing be unknown memory alone can preserve them. To tear off the hair, to amputate a finger, to lacerate the body are mementos of personal calamities, which die when the event ceases to interest.

As soon as the age of barbarism is past, and the art of writing is made known to a people, their deeds are placed beyond the reach of further error, when the sacredness of the bard, and the expounder of hieroglyphics, ceases. A good memory has however many admirers, and various have been the devices to improve those that are not so. How many of these have been lost after obtaining some patronage, and how many have been recorded as monuments of human wisdom, or of human folly, I am not prepared to say, but it appears to me that the principle of every plan is association. The celebrated Mr. Foote was asked his opinion of a gallery of paintings, consisting entirely of representations of naval battles.—

"Indeed, sir," he observed, "they are all very fine, and what is much in their favour they are all alike." It is precisely the same with the systems of mnemonics, one leading principle pervades the whole, the symbols and characters only are different. The dark and mysterious Egyptians made use of uncouth and monstrous figures as records of their actions—the frank and manly Briton, for the same purpose, used harmonious language: the contrast is striking, and the feeling it imparts gratifying. What is true of nations is true also of individuals; each one consults his taste as to

the plan he adopts to assist his memory, but still adhering to the common principle of association. The mathematician makes use of figures; with him numbers are expressive of things; a linguist combines letters; no matter what unmeaning word he forms, he compels his memory to retain it, and each letter is expressive of an event: a third, fond of anecdote, throws events into the form of stories, and in this way his memory is aided; another ties a knot on his handkerchief, or puts a slip of paper into his snuff-box. A proof of the prevalence of the science of mnemonics.—Indeed we meet with it in every department in life.

In this hasty sketch I have not enquired into the merit of any system, because, for practical and useful purposes, voluntary associations are insufficient; the tie that binds them together is not strong enough, for, in order to recollect a chair, I am desired to call to mind the tower of Babel; to remember Henry VIII. I am desired to call to mind eight hens. But what is to lead my mind to this direction? Can I not recollect a chair as readily as the tower of Babel? But suppose the art attainable, suppose a person, not naturally of a strong memory, taught to repeat a page of a German book, without knowing the language, by hearing it once read, would such a memory be desirable? I apprehend not.—For what is the office of memory, is it not to supply materials for the judgment? Memory then is a mean to an end, it is not a whole in itself; could a person repeat his day book, it would not constitute him a good tradesman. Something more than memory is requisite, and that something is judgment. Here then arises the important question, if the memory be strengthened, is

the judgment improved as a consequence of it? I apprehend not. A child with a memory furnished as Monsieur Von Feinagle's may be supposed to be, could make no use of it, but would be confounded and overwhelmed. Food must be digested and assimilated, and even incorporated, before it strengtens and is useful; it is the same with knowledge. A parrot repeats as accurately as a man, and gains as much by what it says. If the sentiment be not made the man's own, when that is done the words need not be retained. A man at Oxford committed to memory the whole of a Greek lexicon—enviable man, what a prodigy of learning! Alas, he was an idiot—his mind could appropriate nothing. I have occasionally been invited to the company of gentlemen, the bare mention of whose attainments have filled me with shame; desirous of profiting by their knowledge, I have asked them a question, not respecting words, but things—the answer has commonly been, Dr. A. has written an excellent treatise on the subject, and is of such an opinion. Dr. B. a man of equal learning, is of an opposite way of thinking; and there is a third class who pursue a middle course. But pray, sir, I ask, what is your opinion? Why, truly, the arguments on each side are so excellent, and supported by such authorities, that it is difficult to make up one's mind on the subject.—I have now discovered my man—he is a man of memory—he can repeat a thousand things, but can decide on none; he is learned but not wise; should you wish to know something of the opinion his neighbours form of him, you will be told that he is in possession of every sense but common sense. Thus literature becomes less esteemed than it ought to be by the public. Here I can

scarcely refrain from entering on a defence of literature, and endeavour to rescue it from the obloquy which mere memory-mongers and speculative characters have brought upon it; but I have already occupied too much room.

Were I asked whether I would recommend the cultivation of the memory as a particular branch of education, I answer, that I would not any more than I would recommend a suit of armour to him who wished to walk with ease; the ordinary habits being amply sufficient. A person who commits to memory is like a child sent of an errand, at every step it must repeat its message, there is nothing properly and radically made its own; change the words and the thing is new. The man who reads a book with advantage, does not commit the words to memory, but weighs their meaning, and thus judges of the sentiment or the fact. It is the judgment, not the memory, which dignifies a man. Judgment is the glory that envelopes him, and which covers him with a mantle of power; it is this which puts a sceptre in his hands, to which every faculty, every passion, pays involuntary homage, and ready tribute. Suppose the sceptre to have fallen—suppose madness to have assumed the seat of judgment, and what then is the man? The memory is uninjured, but it is useless; a topical memory therefore is not the basis of a sound understanding, it does not grow out of it, and is but little aided by it. An artificial memory, take whose system you please, while it surprises some and mortifies others, enfeebles the possessor; it heaps upon him a load of heterogeneous materials, which oppress and render inactive; but the man who has cultivated his judgment is like a ship upon the ocean, the centre of

a vast circumference, every thing pointing towards him, while he moves on calm, serene, and dignified; not first in this direction, then in that, then stopping to appeal to his memory; but his object is before him; and he refers to his judgment; here he obtains the means of possession; he has no contrary opinions to reconcile, no doubts to enfeeble; he receives the counsel of others, but he decides for himself. A sound judgment gives activity and force to all the other faculties, it commands and strengthens them. The memory is not weak, if the judgment be strong; but the converse of this proposition is not always true. A well educated man's memory is always sufficiently strong for his judgment; but suppose that, in the place of cultivating the memory, he were to cultivate one of these; would it not usurp the place of the understanding? He would be a drunkard, a debauchee, a miser, or he might derive his character from some other passion; but every honourable epithet would be withheld from such an one. The man of memory does not rank among such, only because his pas-

sion is not vicious, whilst this is the case with the memory. The judgment is an atom of deity within, and all besides is merely the casket; the judgment is not a given quantity, but is a gift put into our hands to improve; in childhood, the gift is small, but it increases in proportion to its cultivation. The great end of education is to strengthen the judgment; for this purpose mathematics, and metaphysics, are intended to, and are useful; but many individuals have neither taste nor inclination for such studies; to such (and indeed to all) I recommend a plan within their reach, and of undeviating efficacy. In every science there are standard books, read one of these books; at first it will not be comprehended, but read and dwell upon it, till it is well understood; it may need a twentieth reading, but the effort will amply repay the trouble, by enlarging the capacity, and by making the future pursuit of the science easy. Where this plan has been practised, the mind has acquired more elevation, strength, and dignity, than by any other means I am acquainted with.

NEW MUSIC OF MERIT.

"*Fifth Number of the Irish Melodies;*" the words by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. the *Symphonies and Accompaniments* by Sir J. STEVENSON, M. D. Price, 16s. 3d.

WE think that among the beautiful airs that still remain unpublished, there are many superior in point of melody, and possessing the advantage of not being quite so hackneyed, which might have been given, in preference to "Alley Croker," in the present collection; and however beautiful Mr. Moore's

ideas may be, yet the manner in which he has been obliged to distort his lines, to make them answer so uncouth an air, has entirely done away the effect; and we cannot (in spite of their beauty,) prevent ourselves from associating the idea of "Poor Miss Bailey" with the burthen, every time it occurs: it reminds us of what Lord Byron relates of a romaick song he heard at Athens, which from the peculiarity of its metre, recalled to his mind "A Captain bold in Italifaz."—We are sorry that such good

thoughts are thrown away to so little purpose. However, we must acknowledge, it is almost time for talents even of the superior order Mr. M. possesses to flag, when such dry themes as the present are given him to exercise upon. We are concerned to see his versification reduced to so low an ebb, as to be compelled to make poor wit "a sprite," in order to jingle with his "quiver bright;" and then treading on the others heels; as misfortunes but seldom come single, he is forced to make so unmelodious a combination, as "Where'er they pass a triple grass."—In fact, the entire of the words savour as much of the doggerel as the corrected—kirt all and crystal.

"*In the mid hour of Night*"—Sir J. Stevenson commences with a very characteristic symphony. In the accompaniment, bars 3 and 4 of the song, we observe consecutive fifths; and in similar motion the same air is arranged for four voices, and the same inaccuracies occur in the voice parts, but the accompaniment is right. We could hardly have imagined that Mr. M. would have suffered lines to have gone forth to the world replete with such pure and unmixed nonsense, that not even the note from Montaigne concerning echo, will give it any other character.

"*One bumper at parting*."—The accompaniment is extremely good and in character, but the symphony is a little too chromatic*. It is one of the most sentimental Bac-

* With respect to the major part of the symphonies of this and the preceding numbers, we cannot but cite Sir John, on preserving the original character—it is easy to perceive, that he has made Haydn his model; but however excusable Haydn may be, for his irrelevant introductions to the Scottish airs as a foreigner—Sir John, from his long residence in this country, cannot shield himself on the like excuse.

chanian songs we ever perused, and worthy of the writer.

"*'Tis the last Rose of Summer*," has a gleam of Mr. Moore's ancient fire; there is a wild strain of melody pervades the entire of the air, which he has seized in his best manner, and versified in a flowing mellifluous style—the same air is harmonised for 4 voices, the combination is exceeding good.

"*The young May Moon*."—We have to recapitulate our condemnation of bringing forward such hack-nied airs; and which, besides, do not contain the slightest degree of merit. We do not think the words of it are quite the "Dandy O"—this beautiful air has been deemed worthy of being harmonized.

"*The Minstrel Boy*."—It is impossible for us to do justice to the beauty of the lines, the "tearing chords asunder," that they might "never sound in slavery," is consonant with the feelings that pervades the three first numbers of this work, and makes us grieve the more from seeing such so seldom—it is, (to make use of his own expression,) "a flash amid darkness." We are compelled to give the same unqualified approbation to the music and arrangement of this. Sir John has harmonized it for three voices in his usual happy style.

"*The Valley lay smiling before me*."—This really beautiful air, has a most delightful effect in F minor. In bars 1, 2, 3 & 8, Sir John has favoured us with a regular chain of fifths; the words are extremely good.

"*Oh! had we some bright little Isle*."—The words and music both breathe a stream of mildest poetry.

"*Farewell but whenever you welcome the Hour*," is a very charming air, and well arranged for two voices. The words are expressive of the author's feelings, and we have long observed that his

efforts succeed best where his own feelings are most concerned.

"*Oh! doubt not,*" is arranged as a duet in a happy style; the flat seventh in the accented part of thy 2d bar, produces a most striking effect. We are glad our poet has renounced, in the words of this air, all ideas of roving; his true admirers would have wished it were a little sooner.

"*You remember Ellen.*"—This is a simple but beautiful air, and deserving of better words; in fact, it is too common-place a tale for any further comment. It has been handled by Sir John in a most masterly manner.

"*I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me.*"—We recognise this very plaintive and beautiful air as an old acquaintance, and think Sir John has done it every possible justice. As we have commenced in speaking a little harshly, it gratifies us much in concluding with unqualified approbation of this last. The words are expressive of him.

self, and contain many allusions, which those who know his peculiar situation cannot fail of perceiving.

"*The Miller and his Men,*"—A Melo-Drama, as performed at the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Crow-street. Music by H. R. Bishop. Price 10s. 6d.

THIS Melo-Drama, although trifling in comparison to many of Mr. Bishop's works, has great claim to merit. The overture commencing in C minor, possesses traits of originality, and is so contrived, as to give great effect to the different instruments, particularly the bassoon and clarionet. The 2d movement C major, Mr. B. had modelled on Winter's celebrated overture to *Zara*. The last movement (the subject adapted from a Bohemian air,) is arranged with taste. The glees, choros, and appropriate airs, (particularly the opening one,) are highly creditable to Mr. B.'s acknowledged talent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE following is the copy of an enigma, the production of Miss Seward's pen, whose letters are well known in the literary world. I have heard she left fifty pounds to any person who could solve it in six months after its being written. If any of your ingenious readers can elucidate it, it will gratify a considerable number of persons who have hitherto unsuccessfully racked their brains in attempting its solution. I am unacquainted in what manner the answers (whatever they may be) can be proved; but should you deem the production worthy of interest, and a place in your Museum, it will not only, I con-

Vol. I.

ceive, be an agreeable puzzling-box to your readers, but also oblige
Your well-wisher,

MONO.

Feb. 17, 1814.

ACROSTIC.

The noblest object in the work of art,
The brightest scene that nature can impart,
The point essential in a tenant's lease,
The well known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's comfort when he drives the plough,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize that merit never yet has won,
The miser's idol and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues.

Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line;
By the first letter will be clearly shewn
An ancient city of no small renown,
R r

miscellanea.

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

No. 1.—EVENING DRESS.—FROCK of ruby velvet, superbly ornamented with silver trimming; it is made a walking length, very short in the waist, and extremely low in the neck; a stomacher front displays the shape to very great advantage; the trimming, as our readers will see by the Plate, is put on narrow at the waist, and is gradually wider as it approaches the bottom of the dress. The trimming is uncommonly light and beautiful; it is composed of silver thread in the shape of small rosettes, and from the middle of each bar that is placed across the dress, depends a small tassel. A row of rich narrow lace goes round the bottom of the dress, and a very short epaulet sleeve of ruby velvet is ornamented to correspond. White long sleeves of real lace, clasped at the wrist by bracelets of ruby velvet edged with pearl necklace and ear-rings, rubies or pearls. White kid gloves and slippers. Hair dressed in front in a profusion of light loose curls, and fastened up behind *a-la-Grecque* by a small comb to correspond with the necklace; the ends of the hind hair are suffered to fall in luxuriant ringlets in the neck. A superb white lace veil thrown occasionally over the shoulders, finishes the dress.

No. 2.—MORNING CARRIAGE DRESS.—Pelisse of the fashionable blue cloth, fastened down the front with small flaps, edged with silk trimming to correspond, in a manner that is perfectly novel, and that has a very elegant effect; the cuff is also ornamented to correspond. A very small cottage bonnet, composed of white satin, and of a most becoming and novel shape; the front, which is very small, displays a rich quilling of lace to correspond with the triple lace ruff. The bonnet on one side comes down in a square end, and the front is ornamented with white satin ribband, which is so disposed as to have the appearance of a small wreath of white flowers; a white soft ribband ties it in a very full bow under the chin. Cloth half-boots to correspond with the dress. Yorks tau gowns, and a seal-skin muff and tippet, finishes this dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The gipsy mantle in scarlet, or orange cloth, is in great estimation;

the form is simply that of a country-woman's cloak, except that it is every way smaller, and that the hood is made with scarcely any fullness; it is lined and trimmed with either ermine or swansdown, but the latter is highest in estimation, and has certainly a much lighter effect.

With this mantle a small gipsy hat, of scarlet or orange velvet, is universally worn over a gipsy mob; in the form of the hat there is nothing particular; it is lined with white satin, and finished round the edge of the front with swansdown, and a richly figured soft ribband to correspond, tied under the left ear.

The gipsy mob is composed of the finest white lace, and in form is very similar to a mob; the crown is of letting-in lace; it is made to fit the head, and at each ear is a piece of letting-in lace, about a nail in breadth, is left to tie under the chin: these pieces are edged either with net platted, or narrow lace, and the ends tie in a very full bow exactly under the chin.

For dinner dresses, cloth and velvet are universal. The tippet *a-la-Diane*, which is just introduced, gives an air of novelty, and, which is better, of delicacy, to the dinner dresses of the last month. This beautiful tippet, though only worn for dinner parties, is perfectly appropriate to the fullest dress; as well from the peculiar elegance of its form as from the expensive materials of which it is composed. We understand that though but just introduced it is already high in estimation, and we think it is likely to become an universal favourite.

In full dress we have not a single novelty to present our fair readers with, but the ensuing month promises many. We cannot help, however, observing, that severe as the weather is, and careful as the ladies are to guard against it in their out-of-door costume, their bosoms and shoulders continue as much as ever exposed in full dress.

The hair continues to be dressed nearly as it was last month, except that it is more parted on the forehead, and a little lighter on the temples.

We have seen some very elegant novelties in preparations, but as they have not yet appeared, we are interdicted from mentioning them.

1 JY 59



Morning Dress

Eng. for the Dublin Monthly Museum



Evening Dress

Eng. for the Dublin Monthly Museum

1 JY59

(FOR THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.)

THE SELECTOR, No. II.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Martyr's Letter, the Morning after Miss Young's Marriage to Mr. Pope.

DEAR MADAM,

Permit me to be one of the first in offering congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness: for I will confess, that if his Holiness had attacked me, I should not have had the resolution, as good a Protestant as I am, to die A MARTYR.

ANSWER.

DEAR MADAM,

Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not an hour for criticism. But I will whisper softly to my friend, that *Pope's Essays* are in perfect harmony with *Young's Night Thoughts*. Yours, &c. E. POPE.

Letter from Queen Anne to the Marquis of Buckingham, in behalf of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Anna R.

My kind Dogge.

If I had any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands, as I am one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still as you have been a true servant of your master.

The punishment inflicted on Sir Osborn Gifford, knight, deserves to be recorded, as a specimen of the severity exerted against such as dared to offend the Ecclesiastical power, however exalted their situation in life. It is true, the misdeemeanour was of no slight nature, as he stole two Nuns from the Nunnery of Wilton.

"First, that he should never come within any sunnerie, or in the company of a nunne; that three Sundayes together he should be whipped in the Parish Church of Wilton, and as many times in the Market and Church of Shaftsbury; that he should fast a certaine number of moneths; that he should not wear a shirt for three yeares: and, lastly, that he should not any more take vpon him the habite or title of a Knight, but weare apparell of a russet colour, vntill he had spent three yeare in the Holy Land."

SWEARING.

MANY words in the old English language (some of them now in use) are nothing but corrupt abbreviations of the most serious and solemn appeals and asseverations, as we must suppose them to have been originally, in the times when the Roman Catholic religion was prevalent in this nation. Thus by the word 'Odsoons and Zoons, Zoons, or Zounds, was meant originally by God's wounds and His wounds. So likewise by *Osbud*, and *Blood-an-cums*, or *Sblood*, was designed, *By God's blood*, and *His blood and wounds*, or *His blood*. *Osbodkins* is also nothing more than a corruption, or abbreviation, of *God's body and skin*. 'Sdeath means *His death*, as *morbien*, or *morbien*, in the French language, is (*par la*) *mort de Dieu*.—Thornton's *Plautus*, vol. i.

When the late Mr. Pye was made poet laureat, he received a large packet, one morning, with a broad seal and gilt wrapper, which he, at first, took to be some information relative to his office from the court—he, therefore, immediately opened it, with great deliberation; when, to his surprise, he found only the following lines:

"Lines addressed to H. J. Pye, Esq. the new-made Poet Laureat.

"You a poet, Master Pye!
—A Laureat too—Oh! blast your eye.
Why, u'se not half so good as I,
No—that you des't, Master Pye."—

So far from taking offence at this ribaldry, Mr. Pye not only laughed heartily at it—but shewed it to all his friends—and, we believe, kept the original to the last.

CELEBRATED CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

This country has produced many literary artisans, farmers' boys, milk-women, and others, who enjoy some popularity of fame; but not one chimney-sweeper occurs in the list. Holland had the glory of producing the most celebrated of chimney-sweepers. He wrote in Latin, under the name Hieronicius, a poem, in two cantos, entitled, *Georgarchontemachia*: it describes an insurrection of the peasants against the barons, and was printed at Middelburg, in octavo, during the year 1766.

Poetry.

LIFE is but a feverish dream
 Of pains and joys that soon are o'er;
 Fleeting as the moon's pale beam,
 Glancing on the silent shore.
 Life is but a train of woes
 From the cradle to the tomb;
 From its outset to its close,
 Clouded o'er with darksome gloom.
 Sorrow, misery and pain,
 On our joyful hours attend;
 And for happiness in vain
 Wretched mortals here attend.
 Happiness we all pursue;
 And we think 'tis grasp'd to-day;
 But the rainbow's varied hue
 Does not fade so quick away.
 Like a bark by tempest tost
 On the bosom of the main;
 Rigging torn and rudder lost,
 Strives to make a port in vain.
 Like a solitary wave,
 Borne against the sounding shores;
 Now gentle as the silent grave,
 Now rough as the rude tempest's roar.
 Vanishing like mists of morn
 Before the glorious rising sun;
 Leaves us hapless and forlorn,
 Ere one half our course is run.
 Happiness then seek not here,
 From our grasp away it flies;
 Let us strive to seek it—Where?
 In the realms beyond the skies.

M. S. S.

REFLECTIONS

Of a Bon-Vivant on Death and a future State.

La Mort nous guéit; et quand ses loix
 Nous ont enfermés, une fois,
 Au sien d'une fosse profonde;
 Adieu! bon vin et bons repas!
 Ma science ne trouve pas
 Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

TRANSLATED.

Death dogges us; and when once his paw
 Has made us subject to his law,—

And to the place of darkness hurled;
 Adieu! good eating and good drinking!
 For I can't find, with all my thinking,
 Hotels or clubs in th' other world.

ROMAN HOOD.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

By S. DACRE.

That Harp untouch'd by mortal hands,
 Like love, each gentle heart commands,

Awakes the soul, illumines its fires,
 With fancy warm, with thought inspires.
 Let the light breeze salute the strings,
 And every note in concert rings;
 So woman's angel smile must give
 The spell that bids each feeling live.
 The breeze flits by—the music's o'er,
 The siren strain allures no more;
 And love's bright flower as quickly flies—
 It buds, it blossoms, droops, and dies.

INSCRIPTION

On the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog;

By Lord BYRON.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below;
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been;
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust!
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Yet! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
 I never knew but one, and here he lies.

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRUCTURES.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

January 27. A new Comedy called *First Impressions, or Trade in the West*, was presented. If this play contained any novelty, we were not so happy as to discover it, and if any spirit it was completely lost on us. A wealthy citizen living at the west end of the town; a second wife quite a woman of fashion; a daughter by the former wife; are characters that have trod the boards for many a long year. The father designs to marry his daughter to a Mr. Sapling—a booby of course, the father's choice has fallen on him. The young lady's affections, are, however, to make out the play—fixed on another lover—a gentleman, poor, in debt to her father, a politician, and a speaker. This character (Harcourt) challenges Sapling, is arrested in the field, and hence some difficulties. An old lady and a scientific gentleman, are very learned and very trifling: yet some of the ridicule thrown on affected knowledge was fair enough. There are other love plots, as of a lady, now a widow, whose *First Impressions* had been in favour of a prior lover to her husband:—while a young lady from Scotland who had been married to Sapling, by coming to town after him, breaks all his schemes, and the plot assumes a new course. An addition to the fortune of Harcourt, makes him a fit match for the merchant's daughter.

This truly is the same, and the same, *segue ad nauseam*? the story is an old story: the wit is too studied and forced: and with the exception of a few strokes at the follies of the day, it is what might have been written by any man, any woman, or any child!

On Saturday, the 19th inst. a Tragedy called, *Adelaide, or the Emigrants*, was performed in Crow-street, from the pen of a gentleman of this city. The following is an outline of the plot:—

Count St. Evermond and his family are French Emigrants, who under the auspices of Count Lunenburgh, a general in the Imperial service, have found shelter in Austria. The latter had been invited by his Sovereign to espouse some favourite of the Court, and he appears to have been determined to avail himself of the offer until the charms of Adelaide, the daughter of St. Evermond had subdued his resolution. Some moments are passed in a

conflict between love and ambition, but the former is for the present triumphant, and Lunenburgh determines to marry Adelaide privately. It is in some time discovered by the instrumentality of Gregory, a faithful follower of St. Evermond's, that a marked familiarity exists between Lunenburgh and Adelaide, and her family having some suspicions that it is not of an honorable nature, are thrown into deep solicitude. A proposal however, for Adelaide reaches the father from Count Walstein, a nobleman whose connection promises a solace for all the buffets of fortune, and a ray of consolation breaks in upon the emigrants. The fair one rejects the suit, and thereby confirms their suspicions of her dishonour, and plunges them all into the depth of mental agony, but especially the father, who becomes quite delirious. Adelaide herself, though her woe arises from another cause, is not less miserable. She has an interview with her supposed husband, in which he acquaints her that she is really dishonoured, the ceremony by which they were united being a fictitious one. Nothing can equal her amazement and distraction.—The ill fated Adelaide presents herself to her afflicted parents, and tells her sorrowful tale. Their anguish is unmitigated, and her father determines to set out on an expedition of vengeance against the destroyer of his peace. Adelaide is doubtful with regard to what he shall do, and with frantic distraction calls upon every one to save his life, that she may be spared the guilt of paricide. Lunenburgh in the mean time comes across her, and a distressing scene ensues. The catastrophe, however, soon puts an end to her sufferings. Lunenburgh is killed by her brother in her presence, and she herself shortly after sinks beneath the weight of her misery.

It was received with very marked applause indeed; although it had to encounter great obstacles.—There is not any variety in the plot—it wants a minor one—but the author has made ample amends for their deficiency, in the elegance of the language.—We do not mean, until a second representation, to give our particular opinions of the merits and demerits either of the piece or the performers; we are obliged to send this article to press be-

fore that can take place,—at which time we think a little pruning may rank it in a scale with the best of our modern tragedies.—A number of opinions have come to our hands; but we shall not give publicity to any until after a second hearing; some of the writers may be then induced to do it that justice which we think from what we saw it imperiously demands.

Though in our dramatic strictures we do not feel ourselves bound to extend our views beyond the precincts of Dublin, yet there are occasions in which we may be allowed to deviate from the rule usually adhered to. Such an opportunity offers itself at present. The Belfast Theatre, which now supports the only provincial company in the kingdom, seems resolved to emulate her elder sister. Unaccustomed as we are here to the exhibition of a new piece, with the exception of the above, by which we understand one that has not been presented on any Theatre whatever, we cannot but hear with surprise, not unmixed with a small share of envy and self-debasement, that a Melo-Drama, entirely new, on a national subject, and the production of a native, has been represented on that stage, and received with the applause due to the early dawns of native talent.

The play we allude to is called "*Kathleen O'Neil*," and is announced as the production of a lady now an inhabitant of Belfast. The subject is of a domestic nature, founded on an occurrence supposed to have happened in the O'Neil family soon after the celebrated battle of Clontarf. Although it is in our power to give a detailed account of the narrative, we must at present decline it, and confine ourselves to a few general remarks. The characters are for the most part well drawn and strongly marked; the sentiments natural, affecting, often bold and enthusiastic, sometimes almost sublime. The songs are poetical and well adapted to the music, and the selection of airs is excellent; that of the finale is particularly animating. Although but a first attempt, and the unassisted production of a woman, we should feel ourselves bound in justice, not only to ourselves and to our readers, but even to the fair authoress, to notice what we deem faults, did not the same motives that oblige us to pass over its beauties, bind us to draw the veil of silence over its defects. Were it not for this we should not hesitate from performing this unpleasant part of our office, because by so doing, we might in some degree add to the perfection of another piece of the same writer, which we are informed, will soon establish her

character as a dramatist above the power of harsh criticism. One error only we shall remark at present. A knight is introduced as doing homage to his superior lord, and the form of the ceremonial displayed at large. The act of homage is a feudal institution, and could not have been introduced into Ireland previously to the Saxon invasion under Henry II.

The piece was well got up by the manager (our old favourite Talbot) and all the characters dressed according to the most authentic descriptions of the ancient Irish costume.

Such an exertion to foster native genius is in itself deserving of much praise, and highly worthy of imitation nearer home. We trust the example will not be lost. And if we are not misinformed, an opportunity at present occurs to the managers of our own theatre to prove they are equally ready to give scope to the talents of their countrymen, as a dramatic piece on a subject connected with the ancient romantic history of Ireland, is now, and we have reason to believe, has been for some time in the manager's hands for perusal. We have some reason for believing, that it is not totally destitute of merit, and therefore sincerely hope it will be allowed a fair trial at the bar of the public.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

(Concluded.)

In his passage from Kelmur's the Miller encounters Claudine, who he conveys by force to the cavern through the secret pass; her cries cause the Count and Karl to follow; they however miss the Miller and are afterwards lured to the cottage of Ribber, and by the Miller's invitation are about to enter just as Kelmur (who has brought an armed force to the assistance of the Count) enters and discovers the Miller to be the robber Wolf. A pursuit now takes place, and a dreadful combat is fought between Wolf and the Captain of the guard.—Wolf now finding himself closely pressed discharges a pistol at Karl, which misses him, and cuts off the pursuit by pulling up the draw bridge. All the Count's party now enter, and Wolf threatens to dispatch Claudine if he and his band are not suffered to pass free. Driven to despair, he is on the point of putting his threat in execution, when Lothaire rescues her by discharging a pistol through his rival's heart; they now let down the bridge and escape, closely pursued by the banditti, when Lothaire fires a train which communicates with the magazine of powder in the cave under the mill, and which he, with the assistance of Ravina, have conveyed outside the cavern. This produces a most tremendous

explosion. The Miller and his diabolical crew are indulged with some somersets in the air, amid burning rafters, millstones, sacks of flour, &c. &c.

On the 14th inst. the Comic Pantomime of the White Cat; or, Harlequin in Fairy wood was got up here. The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Prince Paladore being out hunting, loses his companions, and mistaking his way, wanders into a gloomy forest, where being benighted, he repeatedly sounds his horn, in hopes of bringing some one to his assistance.

Alarmed by a thunder-storm, he endeavours to return, but the lightning flashing full in his face, overpowers him, and he throws himself on a bank, in despair.

He is aroused by the sound of voices, proceeding from invisible sprites, and is surprised on rising, to behold the gloom dispersed—a bright country around him, and the weather-beaten vestiges of decayed trees transform themselves to the word "*Fairy*,"—by which he understands he is in Fairy wood, the resort of Good and Evil Genii.

His ears are again assailed by the voices, which bid him observe a Fiery Meteor, and follow it.—He obeys, and the meteor leads him to a castle on the wood-side, and enters the portal.

The Prince here hesitates, and seems undetermined whether he shall follow or desist, when he is again enjoined by one of the voices to persevere.

He resolves to explore the castle, but, when in the act of entering, is attacked by the Guardian Dragon of the Evil Genii, which after a dreadful conflict he subdues, and enters the castle triumphantly.

He paces the building till he arrives in an elegant saloon, inhabited by none but *Cats*. Struck at their appearance, he is about to draw his sword, which they desire him to withhold. The Chief, (*a White Cat*), telling him their dispositions are friendly, and trusts that his will prove the same; they bring him refreshments, of which he partakes; and offers to serve them in return.

The White Cat accepts the offer, telling him it can only be done by cutting off her head. Perilous as this may appear, he is at length induced to comply, and reluctantly performs the office. But as "*Out of Evil comes good*," so this was the only alternative to regain a long lost human form, of which the Fairy Arborella and her attendant Genii had long been deprived, by the Evil Genius inhabiting that castle, by transforming them to *Cats*.

Arborella exults in her triumph over

her adversary, and tells the Prince an unequalled beauty shall be his reward; but before he can possess her securely, he must overcome a rival: and to accomplish which he must assume another garb. She then transforms him to Harlequin, and, invests him with a Magic Sword.

Harlequin is now conducted by the Genii to the garden of the enchanted castle. She releases the Columbine and conducts them in safety out.

The enchanted Illogena now enters, and finding his plans frustrated, and the lovers flown, rises three attendant spirits to follow and bring them again into his power. They take the form of *Lover, Pantaloon, and Clown*.

The Pantomimical pursuit then commences, and is carried through many scenes, architectural and picturesque, and interspersed with a variety of tricks and mechanical changes, till the lovers are united by their guardian Genii, in a splendid translucent Temple.

This piece, as well as the former, has been got up by Mr. Cooke; and certainly as far as the liberality of the Manager would allow, does Mr. Cooke great credit. His Grindoff, is an excellent piece of serious acting;—and his tricks and comicality in the latter Pantomime are truly original.

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Monthly Register.

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE,

(Continued from page 254.)

Monthly Museum Office, 26th February, 1814.

The object, for which Marshal St. Cyr had been left with about 52,000 men in the city of Dresden, when so large a body of troops would have been of the utmost advantage to Bonaparte at the battle of Leipzig, has been a matter of considerable discussion; but a Bulletin, published at Paris on the 29th of Oct. 1812, affords a clue to unravel the mystery of such a deviation from what would appear to be a measure of obvious policy. Bonaparte having on the 8th and 9th of Oct. obtained possession of the bridges, over the Elbe at Dessau, at Aken, and at Wartenburg, intended to cross the river with his whole force—to manœuvre upon the right bank from Hamburg to Dresden—to threaten Potsdam and Berlin, and to be ready to take instant advantage of any injudicious movement which the Allies might make. For this purpose Bonaparte had abundantly supplied with provisions and warlike stores the fortress of Magdeburgh, which he intended to use as the centre of his operations. But on the 16th of Oct. just as Bonaparte was going to put his designs into execution, he received the intelligence of the defection of Bavaria, and of the march of a large corps of Bavarian and Austrian troops towards the lower Rhine for the purpose of intercepting his communications with France, and of cutting off his retreat, if he should escape from the main Allied army that was marching to encircle him. The intelligence not only prepared Bonaparte for the defection of the minor States of the Confederation of the Rhine, but disconcerted the whole system of his policy, and he was reduced to the necessity of sustaining a general action without the assistance of the two corps, commanded by Marshal St. Cyr, that garrisoned Dresden, and that could not, on account of the Allied troops stationed between Dresden and Leipzig, even make an attempt to join the French Emperor.

When the Allies were preparing to encircle Bonaparte's army at Leipzig, a large corps under the command of Gen. Bennigsen and General Tolstoy was left

behind for the purpose of blockading Dresden. This corps consisted of about 40,000 men, but as it was deemed to be necessary to bring General Bennigsen with a considerable portion of the troops towards Leipzig, the blockading force under General Tolstoy was reduced to about 18,000 men. Marshal St. Cyr, taking advantage of the departure of Gen. Bennigsen, attacked General Tolstoy on the 17th of October—defeated him with considerable loss—took 20 pieces of cannon and 4000 prisoners, and drove the remainder into Bohemia. The result of the battle of Leipzig, however, enabled the Allied Monarchs, to send Gen. Klenau with a considerable body of troops to Dresden, to whom Marshal St. Cyr capitulated after an ineffectual attempt on the 6th of November, to cross over to the right bank of the Elbe, and after another ineffectual attempt to proceed to Torgau along the left bank on the 10th of the same month. The capitulation consisted of 14 Articles, by which the French consented to surrender, as prisoners of war, on condition of being allowed to return to France under a stipulation that they should not serve against the Allies for six months, and that an equal number of prisoners taken from the Allies should be restored in exchange. The first division of St. Cyr's corps left Dresden for France on the 12th of November, but the Commander in Chief, Prince Schwartzberg, having refused to ratify the capitulation, the French Marshal had only the choice of being re-instated in all his former positions, or of being marched with his whole army as prisoners of war into Bohemia. He chose the latter, protesting against so flagrant a breach of faith.

The surrender of St. Cyr's army was a most important event, as it completely destroyed the power of Bonaparte in Germany, and enabled the Crown Prince of Sweden to subdue the Danes and to drive Marshal Davoust with his corps into Hamburg for refuge. No treachery has been imputed to the French Marshal on this occasion, but there are many circum-

Addenda.

stances which prove that he acted without thought a foresight even of the meanest kind. The French Marshal alleged that he was forced to capitulate for the want of ammunition and provisions, but the excuse operates as an accusation against him on the ground of common prudence. When Marshal St. Cyr drove General Tolstoy on the 17th of Oct. into Bohemia, and when the Allies had not any other force near Dresden to impede his movements, he knew that he had only provisions for ten days. He should not then have delayed—he should have marched along the Elbe—there was then no force on either bank of the river sufficient to oppose his progress, but instead of proceeding to Magdeburgh and thence to the position occupied by Marshal Davoust, he remained in Dresden till the Allies had accumulated so great a force as prevented the possibility of such a movement. Whereas if he had immediately after the defeat of Tolstoy, marched along the Elbe and formed a junction with Marshal Davoust and the Danes, their united strength amounting, at the lowest computation, to about 100,000 men, when the garrisons of Torgau and Wittenburgh should be included, would have been sufficient to secure to them complete military possession of the North of Germany. It may seem to be even a probable circumstance that their united force, which would amount to upwards of 100,000 veteran troops, occupying a formidable position and deriving their supplies from the fertile duchies of Holstein and Sleswig, would have prevented the Allied Sovereigns from crossing the Rhine, or from

making an attempt to penetrate to Paris, lest if any disaster should befall the Crown Prince, not only would Berlin become the prey of the Victors, but the return of the Allies into Germany might be cut off, and the French Emperor might have the extraordinary fortune, which characterized the reign of the most illustrious monarch that ever sat on the throne of England, of keeping at his court two Monarchs in captivity.

[The subject, as the Reader will be perhaps so candid as to acknowledge, is examined in a manner, very different from the mode in which political topics are investigated, either by the Diurnal Press, or in Monthly Publications. It is the intention of the Proprietors to make the MONTHLY MUSEUM not only a faithful Chronicle of the important events which convulse Europe, but a useful guide to the Public for the formation of a dispassionate and impartial opinion on the nature and tendency of every great result, which has occurred, or which may occur during the war.—The mass of foreign intelligence that has been received during this Month is very considerable; but the documents which have appeared on either side are too intricate, and too important to be examined at present, with that care which the attainment of the truth would require. In the next Number, however, the public will find a Retrospect of Foreign Affairs, which at least shall possess the merit of accuracy and impartiality.]

DUBLIN.

COMMISSION INTELLIGENCE, Monday, Feb. 21.—Counselor Hatchel appeared in Court, to take his trial for the alleged murder of Henry Morley, Esq. in a duel, the circumstance of which unfortunate occurrence are fresh in the public mind. The Rev. Doctor M'Key, the father-in-law of Mr. Morley, appeared in Court, and opposed the trial's proceeding, upon the ground that Mr. Hatchel had not complied with the rule of the Court in such cases, requiring a previous surrender of his person for fourteen days prior to trial. He observed that he made this objection from no feeling of animosity, or impression unfavourable to the conduct of Mr. Hatchel, in the unfortunate affair, but from a sense of duty to make every minute inquiry into all the circumstances,

which, he had no doubt, would be nothing disadvantageous to Mr. Hatchel.—Baron George regretted that Doctor M'Key's objections were imperative on the Court; and, without making a precedent, he could not refuse his compliance. Of course, Mr. H.'s trial is postponed till next Commission. The Court, which was much crowded, was greatly interested in the matter, from the appearance and amiable character of Mr. Hatchel. Mr. Hatchel was immediately admitted to bail.

Counsel for the Prosecution—Charles Ball, Esq.—Agent, H. Johnson, Esq.

For Mr. Hatchel—Messrs. Pennefather, O'Driscoll, and M'Nally; Agent, Patrick Delany, Esq.

Addenda.

A new revenue schooner, was launched at Ringsend, on the 22d inst. She is pierced for 16 guns, and is one of the neatest and most beautiful models, ever built in this kingdom. She was planned by Mr. Anthony Hill, jun. and built and finished under his immediate inspection. Her form and symmetry, breath, the artist throughout, and redound considerably to his credit and abilities.

The bridge of Derry was carried away by the ice on the 6th inst. It was remarkable for its excellent and curious workmanship. It was entirely constructed of wood, in North America, by Lemuel Cox, a native of Boston, who transported it across the Atlantic, and erected it in the year 1790.

It is now determined, that the new Post-office is to be erected on the waste ground in Sackville-street, which will be a great ornament to that part of the city.

The vallies beneath the lofty mountains of Kippure, were at the beginning of this month completely choaked with snow; it exhibited a truly picturesque and awful scene; the drifts were from 50 to 100 feet, formed in regular gradation from the base to the summit, inasmuch that the country around appeared like a desert filled with snow. The south side of this mountain is the source of the River Liffey, and on the north side springs the copious and ever flowing stream of the Dodder, which supplies the metropolis of this kingdom with that element of life. The inhabitants of those hoary regions were in miserable state, many had been immured in their cabins six and seven days before they were relieved. The loss of sheep is innumerable—the grouse and hares are almost destroyed, and numbers of such as weathered out the storm fell by the relentless hand of the poachers.

On Wednesday the 2d February, a numerous and respectable meeting was held, pursuant to public advertisement, in the Court of Kells, for the purpose of establishing a Branch of the Hibernian Bible Society for that district, under the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Meath. His Lordship was present, and the Secretaries of the Hibernian Bible Society, Messrs. Mathias and Thorpe, attended the meeting.

A Society was accordingly formed, under the denomination of the Meath Bible Society, for the District of Kells, Auxiliary to the Hibernian Bible Society, and under the sanction and patronage of the Lord Bishop of Meath.

One of the first subjects to be submitted to Parliament at its meeting will be the intended Union of the Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Hereditary Prince of Orange. It is said, that for the purpose of making the arrangement satisfactory to our Allies, it is to be an article in the contract, that the succession to the Government of the United States, shall go to the second son of the marriage, so that Holland shall not at any time be incorporated with, or joined to the Crown of Great Britain.

The Bourbons.—As this family is again brought into public notice, the following short account of the surviving family may not be unacceptable:—

Louis XVIII. is the brother of the late unfortunate Louis XVI. He married a Savoyard Princess, but never had any children.

The Count D'Artois is the younger brother of Louis XVIII, and has generally the appellation of *Monsieur*.

The Duke D'Angoulême is the Count Artois's son, he married the sole surviving child of Louis XVI. They have no children.

The above are all the surviving members of the *Bourbon* branch of the Capets; the *Comte* branch became extinct when the Duke d'Enghien was murdered by Bonaparte. The third and last branch is that of *Orléans*; the late Duke of Orléans left five children, as follows:—

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest, after serving in France under Dumouriet, was compelled to seek an asylum in Canada, where he taught French; he afterwards returned to Europe; he is said to be a man of talents.

The Duke of Berri is the other surviving son of the late Duke of Orleans: the youngest son died in Malta.

The two daughters of the Duke of Orleans were illegitimate children by the celebrated Madam de Genlis; one of them, *Adelaide*, married a French nobleman, and the other, *Pamela*, was wife and relief of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

A robbery was committed lately in the stables of Arch. Hawkley, Esq. Mountjoy-square, when several saddles and other articles were stolen. The villains contrived, unheard, to break through seven doors, and actually carried off with the rest of their booty, a plated tea urn, which they got at in the window of the pantry.

Addenda.

BIRTHS.

At Kilpeacon, county Limerick, the Lady of the Rev. James William Graves, of a son.

At Northland, the seat of Sir Amyrald Dancer, Lady Dancer, of a son.

At Cawnpure, in the East Indies, the Lady of Major-General Stanford, of a son.

At Nenagh, the Lady of H. Hart, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon of the 5th Garrison Battalion, of a daughter.

On the 25th instant, at Mote Park, in the county of Roscommon, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Crofton, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Nenagh, Joseph Flinn, Esq. Barrack-Master of that district, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Thomas Lawrence, Esq. of that town.

At Nicholas's Church, Cork, Robert Cummins, Esq. to Miss Ashley, daughter of the late John Ashley, Esq. of Ashley-hall, in the island of Jamaica.

Connell Holmes O'Connell, Esq. of Killeenan, in the county Cork, to Hannah, eldest daughter of John Duggan, Esq. of Strangfort, in the same county.

At Ardagh, county Longford, Major Thomas Featherstone, of the Bengal Establishment, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Featherstone, Bart. M. P. for said county.

Mr. Dowd, of Cullen, co. Louth, to Miss Teresa Moran, third daughter of Mr. Zachariah Moran, of Tallamore.

Mr. John McCann, Merchant, Armagh, to Miss M'Kee, daughter of Mr. Denis M'Kee, of same place.

Mr. Peter Connor, of the city of Dublin, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Matthew Hosack, of Banbridge.

At St. Thomas's Church, J. M. Nelligan, of the 24th Regiment of Foot, to Mary, second daughter, and W. J. English, Esq. of Grafton-street, to Anna, third daughter of the late William Duplan, Barrister at Law, of Fairy Hill, in the county of Galway, Esq.

Mr. Thomas McDonald, of Dominick-street, to Miss Lenaghan, of Kilglass, co. Kildare.

At Desert Lynn Church, Moneymore, by the Rev. William Macleaver, the Hon. A. Stuart, son of the late Earl of Castlestuart, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Geo. Lennox Conyngham, Esq. of Springhill, county Derry.

DEATHS.

In Great Strand-street, Mr. J. Ball, who for many years had resided in this city.—He was a man of considerable literary merit, and during the last 15 years, he had been connected with almost every periodical

work which issued from the Dublin press. He had the happiness to enjoy the esteem of a numerous acquaintance who valued him, not only for his easy and conciliating manners, but for the soundness of his judgment, and the integrity of his heart.

At the house of C. Williams, Esq. Rutland-place, Cork, John Smyth, Esq. of Temple Michael, in the county of Waterford.

In Clare-street, in the 26th year of his age, John Weir, Esq. late a Captain in the 72d Regiment.

At his house, North-quay, Drogheda, in the 73d year of his age, Edward Hardman, Esq. the senior Alderman of that Corporation, and formerly for several years Representative in Parliament for that town.

In Dupcan-street, Cork, Mrs. Coombe, mother of Major Coombe, of the Royal Marines, Woolwich.

Mr. Benjamin Clayton, sen. engraver, Ryder's-row.

In the 106th year of his age, John Hay, Cottager in the Parish of Tibbermore.

At Stephen's green, Mrs. Bellingham, widow of the late Allen Bellingham, Esq. of this City.

In Trales, Daniel O'Connell, Esq. Attorney at Law.

A melancholy event occurred on Friday evening the 18th, between seven and eight o'clock, at the Cock Pit, St. Giles's. Whilst preparations were making for the setting ton of the cocks, a Mr. Thorpe, from the country, a well-known respectable character, had taken his seat in front of the pit, and not two minutes before his death had offered to back the Huntingdon birds for ten guineas. He was observed to lean his head forward and appear somewhat ill. He made a kind of moan, and instantly his colour changed, and he was a corpse. Surgical aid was immediately procured, but the spark of life was extinct. He died of apoplexy. The body was removed to a neighbouring public-house for the inspection of a Coroner's inquest. The wife and the sister of the deceased soon arrived to see the body, and the reader may judge of their feelings. It is a fact no less singular than true, that the deceased, half an hour before his death, had said, "the last time I was here, I said, if ever I attended the pit again, I hoped I should die there."—The unfortunate man was opulent, and between fifty and sixty.

In Church-lane, College-green, Mrs. C. Fitzgibbon, aged 68, relict of the late Dr. Fitzgibbon, of the county of Limerick.

In Fleet-street, Wm. Pike, Esq.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our address to Correspondents last month, we have been guilty of an impropriety, which we shall not attempt to extenuate, but by a candid acknowledgment of our *fault*, that originated in an oversight, arising from a confusion of manuscripts; by which means we have *indelicate*ly introduced Mr. N. Halpin's name upon the public; a gentleman to whom we avail ourselves of the present opportunity of acknowledging our obligations for many *literary* communications and useful hints in the progress of our undertaking; we therefore appeal to Mr. Halpin's liberality for our *acquittal*, as he must be convinced we would not premeditatedly offend against our own interest. Indeed, over the entire transaction, we would wish to draw the veil of oblivion, as the person who had the care of this department, is "no more—he was a man of worth and genius;" and we are convinced, had he lived to discover his inadvertency, he would have exclaimed in the noble language of the poet—"I have shot my arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother."

We have received a laboured and satirical *critique* on the new play of the *Emigrants*.—The writer of this essay, will please to recollect what we have repeatedly asserted in the pages of this work, that as far as our influence extends, it is our object to *encourage*, and not to depress the rising genius of our country.—We also beg leave to remind him, that it is much easier to be a bad *critic* than a good poet; and as a well written tragedy is the noblest effort of the human mind, the failure in such an attempt is, at least, respectable, which is much more than we can say for this gentleman's critique.

Letitia Madcap's verses must afford high entertainment in the circle of her particular acquaintance, and if illucidated by family anecdotes, should readily find a place in our pages. Our fair correspondent will perceive we have complied with some of her wishes on a former occasion.

We thank "Juvenus" for his second ode; but it is not anacreontic. Surely he cannot think that female inebriation could be a stimulus to rapture. If the last ten lines were altered, it should receive a place in our pages.

When the talents of H. M. shall have reaped a little experience, we will be obliged to him for his favors.

"An Account of Irish Artists"—"The Traveller"—"Reason and Superstition, a Vision"—and "Redmond," in our next.

We are reluctantly compelled to defer the insertion of many valuable articles which came too late for this month—as also the "Matrimonial Creed," although our readers may perceive that we have given four additional pages, under the head "Addenda."

J. J. 59



Madame La Baronne de Staël

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